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No. 7.



CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

Moose Hunting AND MOOSE CALLING.

In continuation of our pictures of American deer-hunting, begun last week with the Caribou, we present this week to our readers three scenes in the life of a Moose, which will be recognized at once.

Of the animal in general, Judge Caton, the great authority on our deer and antelopes, says:

"The habitat of this, the grandest of our native ruminants, with perhaps one exception, originally extended from about forty-three to seventy degrees north latitude, occupying the entire breadth of the continent. He was seen to the south as the Ohio river, and has been met with as far north as the mouth of the Mackenzie river; though I think they should be regarded as having been visitors rather than settled residents in both these localities. In portions of the territory which I have assigned them he was rarely if ever found, because of the absence of the conditions required by his habits; but wherever these conditions did exist, he occupied the country in numbers proportioned to the favorable character of them. Everywhere these conditions have been impaired,

ed, and in places destroyed, by the presence of the white man; and in proportion as this has obtained has he disappeared altogether, or greatly diminished in number. Indeed, this may be said of most of our wild animals. They could stand the Indians, and could multiply and prosper in their presence. The rude weapons of the natives seemed not to have any abiding or fatal terror for the Moose, while the weapons and modes of destruction adopted by the white man have either destroyed them, or driven them to the most secluded places attainable."

"If the range of the Moose is more inaccessible than that of the bison, and so he has been enabled to protect himself better when partially surrounded by civilization, his habitat has been constantly more and more circumscribed, as civilization has advanced upon him, till now he is only found in considerable numbers in Northern Alaska. Whimpon, who explored the Yukon river, in 1867, found the Moose very abundant in sixty-five and sixty-six degrees north latitude, and about one hundred and forty-six degrees west longitude. He says: 'This part of the river abounds in Moose. At this season (June) the musketeers in the woods are a terrible scourge, and even the Moose cannot stand them. He plunges into the water and wades or swims, as the case may be, often making for the islands. This is, therefore, a favorite part of the Yukon for the Indian hunters. The Moose are scarce

at Nuclukayeth, and never known as low as Nulato. They must, however, be abundant on the smaller rivers, as, for example, the Newicargut, where the meat obtained was nearly all of this animal.' Nulato is in west longitude one hundred and fifty-nine degrees and within less than two degrees of the Pacific Coast, and but little

south of Behring Strait.

"Some are met with every year in Montana, where they are sometimes called by the hunters *Tree Toppers*, and are represented as being much taller than the average of the species; though I much doubt, presuming the size has been exaggerated by hunters desiring to sell me live specimens at exorbitant prices. They are said to be found in considerable numbers in the Dominion north of Montana, whence they are now rapidly disappearing.

"It is impossible to say how abundant they are in the extreme northern part of the continent, but it is probable they are not much diminished, for there they were never in great numbers, and probably never remained through the arctic winter. A few still remain in the extreme north-eastern parts of the United States. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick a few are taken each year, but it requires the most skillful hunters, with patient perseverance, and hardy endurance, to insure success in hunting them. But they are noble game, and worthy the ambition of the true sportsman. They have probably entirely ceased their visits to Newfoundland; but in Labrador many still remain, though gradually retreating thence toward the more secluded and inaccessible portions of the country. From Upper Canada all are gone, and but very few remain in Lower Canada, where, fifty years since, they were quite abundant. What are left have retreated to the great, dense forests of the north.

"Their principal food is arboreous, though they take for variety some of the grasses and mosses freely; and, when necessity demands, will live on almost any sort of vegetation found in their range. In winter, when all herbaceous vegetation is deeply buried in the snow, they depend entirely on the trees and shrubs.

"Their favorite haunts, especially in summer, are in the neighborhood of rivers, lakes, and marshy or swampy grounds, where the grasses which flourish are long and coarse. In winter, they are more inclined to resort to higher ground, but generally where dense forests and almost impenetrable thickets prevail. Their long legs, and short, thick necks, incapacitate them to gather the low grasses upon which most other vegetarian quadrupeds may freely feed, so that they can only conveniently feed upon the upper portions of the taller grasses. The deep snow in the regions in which they live conceals them in winter, when they are obliged to depend on the forests for sustenance. This necessity, of itself, is sufficient to form habits and tastes inclining them to this class of food. So it is that we generally find the habits of animals spring from constraint or necessity, which conforms them physically to the conditions in which they live.

"Exceptionally, among ruminants, the Moose feeds upon evergreens, as well as upon deciduous trees and shrubs.

"Even before the introduction of firearms among them the aborigines were successful in their capture, and even depended largely upon the flesh of the Moose for their support. To accomplish this, great ingenuity and perseverance

were often exercised, while at other times, as in the water or on the crusted snow, it was not a difficult undertaking, and even now these conditions render them an easy prey to the hunter.

"Under other conditions the keen senses of smell and hearing make it difficult to approach the Moose, and the sagacity with which he eludes his enemies, and the endurance with which he flees from them, makes his pursuit, even with firearms, a difficult and laborious affair."

Our illustrations give a good idea of the different methods of Moose hunting employed in winter and summer. In the first we have the old bull Moose, caught in the heavy-crusted snow, through which his great weight breaks at every step, while his lighter antagonists, with the further advantage of snow-shoes to hold them up, can follow him at their ease. The man in the right-hand corner of the picture, with his rifle up, looks as if he had a pretty sure thing of it, unless the other man, whose piece is held very awkwardly and who seems to be full of excitement, spoils the shot. The poor Moose is doing his best to get away, with very small chance of escape, but it would seem after all that the awkward young man in the middle was seized with "buck-fever" at the wrong time, let off his gun by accident and shot his friend instead of the Moose.

Anyway the old fellow has come to life again

in the following summer and another young man is after him. This time it is a city man—a genuine young New Yorker, who has put himself under the guidance of Indian Tom, of Lake Chooka-kooki-fuck, who has put him down in Maine. Tom is showing our young New Yorker how to call the Moose, and the sagacity with which he eludes his enemies, and the endurance with which he flees from them, makes his pursuit, even with firearms, a difficult and laborious affair."

It must be confessed that this business of calling and decoying animals to their destruction is rather a mean one, unless the sportsman be dependent on his game for a dinner. Nevertheless, it is the only way to attain success with shy game which is much hunted, and it is universally practiced among savages, to entice their prey within arrow-shot or spear-cast. Calling is almost the only method by which to circumvent a wary old wild turkey, Moose, or wild duck, and if accompanied by decoys artfully made, is sure of success.



CALLING THE OLD BULL.



THE DEAD BULL.

A DUEL IN THE AIR.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

A heron flew out of the forest, from the top of a withered pine,
And floated away like a shadowy cloud to the west,
Over the creek, and over the moor with its drifts of gray lichenized stone,
Toward the reedy swamp, where in solitude he'd oft brooded lone and lone;

A hawk flew out of the forest, from the thick of a hemlock bough,
Bathing his flight in illuminate air, with the glow
The moon allow,
Dashing in spiral circles the beams, like the phosphorescent mists of the bay,
Till with pencils of light his glinting plumes shone as a star in day.

The hawk was earl of the forest and feudal chief of the forest,
No parvenu, but a Norman lord; so, when quarrele he did discern,
On the rights divine of Falconide Sir Peregine took his stand,
And stooped, as a lordly emperor swoops on a feeble fronted land.

Wheeling, the heron, with point to the eye, eye steady, and ready stroke,
Watched well and smote, as the flashing hawk
Struck him inside his cart and triere, and ere he could parry the glance,
Spitted him—as a Tartar impaled on the shaft of a Polish lance.

"Sic semper tyrannis!" Immutable fate's decrees!
Hawk, headlong over, and over, fell into the ripples of trees;
While the blue heron spread his pinions, and leisurely crossing the creek,
Reft on the arm of the withered pine, and wiped the blood from his beak.

The Tiger Tamer:
OR,
THE LEAGUE OF THE JUNGLE
A TALE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER JAGPORE.

WHEN Luchmee saw the tiger-tamer disappear into the dark archway under the palace, she hesitated to follow.

She had an abiding dread of the tigress, his usual companion; and there was something in the dark passage that seemed inexpressibly awful at night. As she thought of what might happen were she to meet Govinda in that mysterious gloom, she shuddered violently and drew back into her corner behind the pillar to watch and wait.

She knew it must be drawing on toward morning, for she had been wandering about through the palace for some time, and she felt that it was necessary for her to escape from its precincts. In her strange caprices between murder and mercy, the Queen of the Nautch-girls had made a great many enemies. She did not dare to go back to Charlton, though she had saved his life, for she feared that he would connect her with the second attempt at Thuggee, and she dreaded above all things to be taken before the old Scotch Resident. She feared the keen eye and cold heart of Sir Douglas, and well knew that she could not hope to charm him, as she had others.

The Rajah, she knew, had been delighted with her dancing, but she did not dare to seek either. Eastern types being proverbially fickle and cruel. If she found him in his bad humor he might order her the bamboo at once, for no one cares to respect a Nautch-girl. As for Khoda Khan and her late associates in Thuggee, she knew well enough that they would look on her as a traitor, and that her life was not worth a moment's purchase should she meet them in any lonely place.

The "Mother of the Dancers" was equally out of the question, for Luchmee felt sure that she had been seen in the room when little Ali was carried off by the tigress, and the girls would be sure to connect her with the attempt, as a stranger, sent there by the Major Sahib with a bribe of a ring.

In short, poor Luchmee, as she sat there by the pillar in the moonlight, began to realize very keenly that she was in the midst of a nest of enemies and to wish that she had never left Delhi.

She began to pray to the goddess Khales to help her in her need, but the prayer only reminded her afresh of the danger in which she stood, and then at last, just as she was at her wits' end what to do, she heard voices approaching; saw that the moon had disappeared, giving place to daylight, and realized that the palace was astir.

Only one way of escape seemed open to her, and that was a terrible one. She knew that there was a staircase near her, leading down into the vaults of the palace where the savage beasts of the Rajah were kept; and one of the Nautch-girls had told her the night before that the keys of the inner court hung at the end of a passage guarded by chained tigers.

Quivering all over with fear, but animated by a spirit which conquered all terror, the girl hurriedly rose and stole down the steps, just as Khoda Khan, followed by Mirza Baba and the rest of the little gang of Thugs, entered the gallery above. She crouched silently against the wall and heard Khoda say:

"The Mother of the Dancers is my friend, and the Zanahan is the only place where no man will dare look for you. This Major Sahib has gone off to get orders from the Resident, and the country will be searched. There is no safety for you anywhere but in the Zanahan."

"But what if the guards discover us?" asked Mirza Baba, in an apprehensive voice. "We shall be killed by the Rajah for violating the Zanahan."

Khoda laughed low and sneeringly.

"You do not know all that goes on in these walls, Mirza. You have your vials, the mother is my friend. All you have to do is to follow my directions, go to her silently, give her the word and she will conduct you to a place of safety. To-night, climb the garden-wall, make for the camp, and we will have better luck next time. Khales has not forsaken us yet, for the Rajah is clay in my hands."

Luchmee peered through a chink in the wall behind which she was hiding, and saw the minister usher what seemed to be five closely veiled women to the door of the Zanahan, which closed upon them. Then she turned and fled down the passage into the wild beasts' quarter.

She soon recognized it by the powerful odor, and found herself in a low stone vault, full of pillars, where some beasts were confined in cages, others were simply chained to the wall. It would have been a trial for the nerves of the boldest man, but Luchmee had more courage than most men, and she entered boldly the narrow walk in the midst of the vault, where she thought that she would be out of reach of the beasts, for she saw the bunch of rusty keys hanging up at the end.

The moment she appeared, a tremendous uproar ensued. Tigers and leopards, wolves and hyenas, ramped and roared against the bars of their cages or tugged and bounded at the end of

their chains to get at her, imagining Luchmee to be the keeper with their daily allowance of food. It was a terrible ordeal, but the girl dashed safely down the path to the keys, clutched them in triumph, and returned, so close to the animals that some flecks of foam from their jaws actually fell on her glittering dress.

Then, light as a fairy, with heart wildly beating, she ran to the iron door that led to the court, pushed it open and locked it behind her; hurried round the wall locking all the doors, and finally opened the identical portal through which Govinda had vanished several hours before.

She had barely time to open and close it softly, when she heard voices on the gallery above, and stood still to listen behind the iron door, which she held ajar.

"What ails the brutes this morning?" she heard a hoarse voice say. "They make as much noise as if they had gone to fighting. Perhaps a dog has got down there."

This voice, she rightly judged, belonged to the head keeper of the beasts; and Luchmee realized that the absence of the keys would soon be noticed, when the man went down, and that she might very possibly be pursued. As she thought of this she softly inserted a key in the lock of the iron door before her, and had the satisfaction of finding that it fitted.

She listened till the keepers were out of hearing, and then opened the door to admit some light into the excavation; for she knew not where it led. She saw before her a long passage, sloping gently down into the midst of impenetrable gloom, and hesitated to enter. At that moment she heard the beasts beginning their uproar afresh, and the sound determined her. Hastily she closed and locked the door, put the keys in her sash and turned away into the black passage, feeling her way in the dark along the walls.

Not a ray of light entered the cavern, which seemed to be heaved in the solid rock: the iron door fitted too tightly outside. Luchmee glided along, feeling the wall cautiously, till her fingers encountered the cold smooth surface of iron that told of another door at the side; and as she did so, the sounds of the wild beasts, rioting in the menagerie, told her that she had come to a side passage, leading back to the court. At once she realized that it was necessary to close this avenue if she hoped to elude pursuit, and with that idea she tried the fastenings.

The door seemed to be quite firm and already locked. Then the question rose in her mind as to which side was fastened, and she felt rapidly and silently over its surface till she came on a heavy bar, running through staples and closing the door securely.

"Govinda has done this," she thought; and she was right. It was the door by which the Rajah's slaves had entered from the menagerie, two days before, to assist in Burrhea's escape, and which they had locked on their own side at the time when they ran from the tiger, after obeying their master's orders.

Govinda, who had boasted to the Rajah of his knowledge of the passage, had not lied. This long gloomy corridor, leading into the bowels of the earth, was the scene of many a wild story in Jagpore, whose people said it had been excavated in former times by one of the first princes of their race, and that it led into the unknown halls of magicians and evil spirits, who had helped the Rajah in his undertaking.

Rajah Ram Sing had not dared to enter it, and the boldest man in his service had never ventured further than the iron door leading to the menagerie; so that Luchmee, had she known it, was quite secure from pursuit in that direction. Indeed nothing but the fact of her being a stranger in Jagpore gave her courage to enter it; for had she known the stories told of the cavern, she would never have gone on as she did now.

Bold in her ignorance, the dancing-girl left the door behind her, and felt her way along the wall; the floor of the passage being smooth and sloping, so that she had no difficulty in proceeding.

After some practice in this way, her eyes became so accustomed to the black darkness that she fancied she could see the walls, though of course was imaginary. Still, it so far reassured her that she walked along quite rapidly, only touching one hand to the wall at intervals, and keeping the other before her for fear of running against something in the dark. After what seemed to her at least an hour spent in this dark journey, the way continuing to descend at the same gradual slope, Luchmee's heart began to beat rapidly; for she saw, afar ahead of her, a little speck of light. Much encouraged, she hurried on toward it, and found that the passage, instead of descending further, became level, and that under the influence of the distant light, she could see something of the place she was in.

As it had been at the entrance, so it was now, a rough archway, hewn in the rock, perhaps ten feet high and as many broad. But what was the light ahead of her? Luchmee was sure it could not be daylight, for it showed too yellow. It had rather the character of a lamp or torch; and if so, she would soon come on Govinda, in all human probability; for none but he could have lighted the torch, if torch it were.

As she thought of this, the dancing-girl stopped and had almost determined to go back, when a thought struck her.

"Govinda is a man like the young Sahib. I have made one forgive me by playing the penitent. I can do the same with the other, perhaps. At any rate he will not kill me now, since I have helped him save his child. I will throw myself on Govinda's compassion."

With this resolve, she strode forward silently as ever, but more swiftly, the passage continuing in a straight line, till she was near enough to the light to distinguish its character.

As she had expected, it was a lamp.

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The moment she appeared, a tremendous uproar ensued. Tigers and leopards, wolves and hyenas, ramped and roared against the bars of their cages or tugged and bounded at the end of

most hostile of men, and determined to follow. To disguise her tracks was not so difficult as one might suppose, when those of Govinda were before her.

The girl placed her own feet carefully in the center of the prints made by the tiger-tamer, stepped softly, gave a little shake to each foot as she lifted it, and thus crossed the belt of sand in safety.

When she looked back, it would have required a very careful examination to have discovered her tracks.

The footprints of Govinda were blurred on the inside, but that was all; and Luchmee trusted to the chapter of accidents to bring the tiger-tamer to the spot in a careless mood, not disposed to scrutinize closely.

Then she went on, the passage curving round away from the lamp, and soon found herself in the same darkness from which she had emerged on reaching the sand.

This time, however, she felt more confident.

She had learned from experience that Seeval was perfectly under the tamer's control, and she knew enough of the ordinary secrets of tiger-taming in India to feel sure that Govinda would never permit the tigress to do anything more than frighten her. It was all a question of whether she could hide her own terrors when she met the great beast. Luchmee began to think she could.

With the determination to escape from the cavern in some way, and to exercise all her arts on Govinda, if she met him, the dancing-girl stole quietly along the passage as it curved round in serpentine windings, till a second light greeted her vision. This was revealed at a sudden turn, and Luchmee saw that another lamp lighted the entrance to a great underground hall.

Timidly she advanced, and stopped amazed, for a strange sight met her eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HUNTING-PARTY.

THE Rajah Ram Sing, attended by his parasol-bearer, was perched on the howdah of the tallest elephant in his stud, a creature with formidable tusks, and trained for the special duty of a tiger-hunter. Most elephants are so timid that they cannot be brought to face a tiger at bay; and when one is found to possess courage, it is frequently accompanied by such a sulky and vicious temper, that the animal is unreliable as a beast of burden.

The Rajah's hunting elephant was generally quiet and well-behaved, and this day it had been hastily equipped with its howdah at the hurried order of the chief huntsman, and brought to the door to join in the grand hunting-party, without asking any questions.

The Rajah, surrounded by a numerous escort, the trumpets and tom-toms resounding on every side, the beaters yelling and lighting fire-crackers as they swept through the jungle, was lolling lazily back in his howdah, watching the scene in indolent pleasure, when he first noticed that Tippoo, his riding elephant, was in a bad humor that morning.

They were several miles from Jagpore, out on the Benares road; had passed the area swept by the fire on the day before, and were in the midst of a jungle thick with game, when this discovery was made.

Major Charlton, mounted on his gray Arab steed, Alborak, happened to ride near the royal howdah in giving some directions to the beaters, when Tippoo uttered a savage scream and made a vicious blow at the horse with his trunk, narrowly missing it.

"Do you think it was the Major Sahib provoked Tippoo?" he asked faintly, looking from one to the other.

"So sure am I, that I should advise your Highness to insist on the major riding a horse of another color, as long as he must come near your Highness."

"What say you to this, major?" asked the Rajah.

"I say that the elephant is *must*" (the Hindoo term for the sulky and ferocious fit of an elephant), "and that, bay or black, gray or chestnut, he would have struck at any horse just then. The Rajah, whose fickle nature had veered over to Charlton under the pressure of extreme danger, was more struck by these artful words than the American could have thought possible. They gave him an excuse for ingratitude which few men are unwilling to take.

"In a moment everything was in commotion. Khoda Khan, who also was riding near, called out, "Save yourselves; the elephant is going mad!"

Then every one scattered, leaving the Rajah alone on his elephant, for they all knew they were in danger.

To understand the scene clearly, we must remember that a great ring of beaters on foot, men led with elephants and horsemen, had surrounded about half a mile square of jungle, and was closing in from all sides, driving the game to the center.

In the midst of all this crowd, the elephant, Tippoo, suddenly took it into his head to have one of his periodic fits of rage.

They were not frequent, but they came without any warning, and while they lasted, were terrible.

Khoda marked the symptoms as soon as the beast struck at the gray horse without any prodding, and the Rajah agreed, and they soon after encamped by the banks of a great reservoir of water known as Sultan Baba's Tank. No sooner was the motley mass of beaters, soldiers, shekarees, camp-followers, beggars, fakirs and Nautch-girls, settled into camp around the great tank, than Charlton set about reducing the crowd to some sort of order.

Native princes are notoriously lax in matters of this sort, but the American was something of a martinet, and insisted on the camp being formed into streets, with the different classes in their respective quarters. In performing his task, he naturally excited considerable ill-will from the lazy natives, who had been used to lax discipline for many generations; and especially dark and bitter were the scowls that met him as he drove the fakirs or priests into their proper place. These fakirs are a pest in all parts of India, begging their way from door to door with an impudence only excelled by their laziness, for they are generally big strapping fellows, who are not afraid to use their strength.

As for the poor Rajah, there was on this howdah, girthed on the back of the huge beast, and swaying to and fro on the loose skin, frightened out of danger of immediate annihilation, he wheeled round to return to the Rajah.

Tippoo had stopped after the first sudden blow at the horse, and stood sulking with his trunk down, stock still.

The *mahout*, or driver, who sat on the neck, plied his sharp *hunkussa*—a short iron spike with a hook at one side—on the elephant's head in energetic stabs, but to no purpose. Tippoo would not move.

Charlton knew well that the beast was getting ready to run a race of destruction unless it could be stopped, and he felt sure that in such a case the Rajah would run into the danger of destruction in his howdah. These vehicles, while pretty to look at and comfortable enough in ordinary procession riding, are exceedingly unsafe, owing to the loose skin of the elephant, and the tendency of its back, which render it impossible to grip a howdah with any sort of security for such a top-heavy concern.

Could Tippoo be stopped from running mad by a sudden and concerted attack? Charlton thought he could, and shouted to his troopers, men of the proud Mahratta race, very different from the cowardly Hindus around them. They were all near him and responded with alacrity to the call, when the American firmly grasped the hog-spear which he carried, dashed the spurs into Alborak and rushed at Tippoo.

A moment later all the horsemen were goading the sulky elephant till the blood streamed from him, while they shouted in threatening tones. Tippoo shook his big ears, trumpeted loudly with rage and fear, and immediately turned to fight his tormentors.

"Why do you think so, Stevens?" asked the officer.

"Well, you see, sir," replied the steersman, with a knowing look, "I was wonst caught by them thieves o' Greek pirates."

"How was that?" asked Moore.

"How, sir? Well, I was aboard a Leghorn schooner, a-tradin' up the Arches, an' we war pulled up by them long-boats just about this very spot. All they left us war one day's provisions; not even our clothes. Truth's alive! they stripped us to the very shirts."

"But you are not afraid of them now, Stevens?"

"No, Misther Moore, I bean't afeard for ourselves; but I have my doubts for that 'ere brig Mary. She parted company with us a bit too soon."

"I think so, too," muttered Moore to himself. "Stevens, give me the wheel, and go forward. Tell the men to get below, and keep there as much as possible. Should they have to come on deck, say that none of them is to show his uniform."

"All right, sir!" replied Stevens, his eyes dancing with delight. "Dang my eyes!" he muttered to himself as he went forward on his errand, "maybe ther'll be a chance o' my gettin' square with these Johnnie Greeks after all!"

"The wind will fail the Mary as she gets into the passage, and we shall be up with her before dark," soliloquized Moore. "But I don't like those fellows to leeward; they are evidently watching us."

As he spoke he took a glass and examined the caque, which was either intentionally keeping company with him, or accidentally steering the same course.

"That boat carries twenty men, and nothing to carry it for," was his next soliloquy; and then to Stevens, who was now returning to his post. "Take the glass and examine her."

"Alot, sir?" inquired Stevens.

A nod was sufficient for the smart sailor, who instantly went aloft. "She's one o' them," he reported on coming down again to the deck.

"How do you know?" asked the officer.

"They have no baggage, sir, and they hain't no fishin' gear, nother."

"Take the wheel, Stevens."

Moore's suspicions about the character of the craft in his wake were now confirmed. He knew that the Mary was likely to be in difficulty, and that, besides the boat seen, other like craft would be abroad; still he hoped to get up with the merchant brig before dark, which would be time enough, as it is known that these Greek corsairs never attack in daylight.

As he expected, the vessel had charge of soon began to overhaul the merchant brig, which had lost the wind. After a short time he observed that what little of wind there was had headed her. This seemed strange to him, though it is a common occurrence in this quarter of the Mediterranean. The writer of this article has known the wind to change fifty times on a vessel going through the Doro passage, which runs between the island of Doro and the mainland of the Morea, near Cape Matapan, a distance of scant seven miles!

At sundown the merchant brig was seen about a mile ahead; and when total darkness at length came on not more than a cable's length separated the two vessels.

Strange to say, neither the captain nor the crew of the Mary seemed to recognize their late consort, although now so near them.

Moore's fears for their safety being aroused, he took out a splendid pair of Dolland night-lorgnettes, of which he was possessed, and commenced scrutinizing the brig and the sea around her. Before long he made out four boats pulling alongside the Mary and on both sides of her. He at once ordered his men to get ready. He had hardly done so when the brig was seen to shorten sail, and the next moment her crew appeared to be engaged in a struggle with the pirates. He had by this time brought his own vessel within fifty yards of the Mary, and in a few minutes more he would be able to board her. So picking out his six best men and telling the others to lash the two vessels together as soon as they should come in collision:

"Now, Stevens!" he cried, "you shall have a chance of paying out your old acquaintances, for the shabby trick they played you. Get ready!"

As he spoke the brigantine ran up on the Mary's quarter, and the Greeks, taken by surprise, turned to resist those now boarding their prize; for the merchant brig had been already secured by them. But the man-of-war's men were prepared for them, and as the corsairs had got separated from the Mary's crew, Moore first ordered a volley to be fired at them, and then with his six tars sprang on board.

The volley had the effect of thinning the ranks of the robbers, but as they were still more than four times to the strength of their assailants, a desperate hand to hand fight took place; and had it not been for their Colt's revolver in all probability it would have fared ill for the naval officer and his small party. Thanks to this fine American weapon, as well as the pluck of those who handled it, though all of them were wounded excepting Moore himself, the Mary was at length retaken, and the whole pirate band, numbering forty-five, were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners.

Moore got promoted for his gallant conduct in this affair, and the British government, as also the owners of the Mary, rewarded the brave sailors who had assisted him.

The Greek prisoners received the punishment usually awarded to pirates—death at the yard-arm.

Amateur Journalism.

Amateur Books and Authors.

BOOKS.

WHEN the American boy attempts anything, he generally succeeds, but not content with this, he strives to "improve on success." It was this general characteristic that prompted him, when, having issued amateur newspapers he went still further and printed his stories and sketches in pamphlet form, containing from four to two hundred pages. These "amateur books" vary greatly in style, price and merit, as well as in size. Many of them are of real interest, and engage the reader's attention from beginning to end, but some, we regret to say, are silly, improbable and even disgusting, the plot, if any, being only an old story the immature author has read, dressed up so as to appear an original production, though what credit such productions are to any one, the reader cannot imagine. It is but right, however, to add that a large portion of these publications are well and concisely written, with an original ground-work well handled, and which are remarkable productions for their young writers. The printing, in most cases, is well done, more especially of late years, for the amateur printer has progressed with his chosen avocation equally with the rest of the world. Of course some of the books turned out are first efforts and must be passed over, but the average amateur book is intended for criticism by the amateur press, and hence the work done on it must be carefully executed, free from errors and receive close at-

tention. There is also more time in which to do the work necessary to book-publishing than there is to get out the monthly editions of the amateur papers, and to this fact must be largely attributed their better appearance. The harassed amateur editor is continually falling behind with his paper and is always in a rush to make up for lost time, hence typographical and other errors are only too frequently met with. Publishing an amateur book this is not the case, and should mistakes occur from hasty work, the publisher should be to blame.

New amateur books are few and far between, and this branch of amateur publishing seems to be deteriorating, owing, probably, to the poor patronage it receives; for the publishers find but few purchasers outside of their immediate circle of friends. To any one contemplating publishing an amateur book for profit, we would state as a well established fact, that only an unlimited amount of impudence can sell such publications. There have probably been eight hundred amateur books issued altogether, and of this number not more than ten have met with a rapid sale and been eagerly sought after; and at least eight of these ten were issued at a time when amateur books were a novelty. Among those whose entire editions were quickly disposed of at what must have been a handsome profit, we may enumerate the following:

The Boy Convict and Adrift Upon Life's Ocean, both by David Rutsky; *Cottage by the Sea*, by Humpty Dumpty; *A Backwoods Idyl*, by Karl C. Yelraf; *A City Lay*, by Fowle; *Amateur Papers*, by Winslow; *Going Swimming*, by C. T. Hat; and *Puzzlers' Guide*, by Correl Kendall.

Of these, the first three were issued in editions of one thousand copies each, by the Gestelle Publishing Company. They were all illustrated and received an enormous run, the entire editions being exhausted in a few months. *A Backwoods Idyl* was the production of Karl C. Yelraf, one of the finest writers amateurdom has ever produced, and was deserving of its success. *A City Lay* was, as its name indicates, something of a parody on Yelraf's book, and was written by Charlie Fowle of Boston, better known to amateur as "that fossil." It was very good in its way and the design of the work gave it a ready market. Copies of both these works are eagerly sought after, but they are seldom offered for sale. *Amateur Papers* was by Winslow, a short little poem, poorly printed and about the size of a postage stamp, but it had an unusually good sale, eventually reaching its third edition. What caused its popularity was always a mystery. All of these books we have mentioned were issued years ago when they were a novelty, excepting the last—the *Puzzlers' Guide*—it having been issued in 1877. Previous to its publication, this book was judiciously advertised by its compiler and publisher, Correl Kendall, and being correct, concise and complete, and puzzlers having a weakness for seeing their names in print, it sold well from the first.

Besides these few mentioned, there has probably been fifty amateur books that paid expenses, and then comes a long list of those that failed to meet with public patronage. Various are the causes which lead to this, but principally we may give as an axiomatic truth that amateur publishing does not pay—in a monetary sense. Amateur printing is a pastime, and when we attempt to make it a source of pecuniary profit, we deviate from its true object and must expect to be disappointed. So with amateur book publishing. It is a never-ending source of amusement and will prove of great benefit mentally, but it will seldom be found a successful mode of money-making.

The year 1877 was remarkable in the history of amateur printing for the number of books issued. New ones were constantly announced, and as many as one hundred and fifty were issued in that year alone. Quite a contrast is the record of the present year, the entire number of new ones being not more than fifteen! The *United States Amateur Directory*, published by Will A. Innes, in 1875, was perhaps the most extensive amateur book ever issued, comprising nearly two hundred pages, bound in paper and cloth, price 75c. and \$1.25 respectively; but it was poorly supported.

No one has ever made a reputation as an amateur book-publisher with the exception of Wm. N. Grubb, of Norfolk, Va., who at one time was quite celebrated. His largest publication was *Yarns from the Night Owls' Chronicles*, by Harry St. Clair, Jr., which may be mentioned as another of the few successful ones, it having reached its second edition.

Appearances indicate quite a revival in amateur book-publishing the coming year, several new and important works having been announced to appear shortly, while those which have reached us recently show marked improvements.

Next week we shall have something to say about the authors.

Notes.

J. EDSON BRIGGS having returned from Paris, his lively little *Imp* is again on its rounds.

MISS DELLE E. KNAPP has purchased the *Pineside Gem*, formerly published by Shelly Bros.

WINSLOW's address in number two of the *National Amateur* is a masterly production, worthy of our favorite author.

PRIZES for the best poems, essays, etc., are now being offered by the different press associations. This is a good idea, and we would suggest that a handsome engraved heading be offered for the most regularly published amateur paper.

The *Sword and Razor* are the titles of two monthly papers which appear regularly at the weekly meetings of the Memphis Amateur Journalists' Club. They are passed around for perusal by the members, and are quite interesting and amusing.

The National Amateur Press Association has a rather discordant set of officers. The first Vice-President thinks they might have selected a better official editor, while the latter expresses his dissatisfaction with his behavior in the first issue of the official journal.

With its December number the *Eastern Star* suspends publication, and its editor, Samuel Warren Lawrence, retires from the field of amateur journalism. Characteristic of the publisher we find the last number of the *Star* one of the handsomest typographically we have seen recently, while its sixteen pages are filled with the choicest productions of amateurdom's most talented authors. Among these, "Guy of Warwick," occupying a half of one page, is indeed a literary relic, it being an unpublished poem of the famous "W. H. S." who retired long since. In the editorial department Lawrence's fluent yet caustic pen well sustains its reputation, and while we may differ from his views we must recognize the force of his writings. In his retirement amateur journalism loses a strong supporter.

Loyal Sons of America.

WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW TO JOIN THEM—A BROTHERHOOD OF ALL TRUE AND NOBLE AMERICAN BOYS—THEIR MOTTO—

HONOR, FIDELITY, FRATERNITY.

THE REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY OF YOUNG AMERICA—LIBERTY AND UNION ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

THE Society of the Loyal Sons of America, formerly known as the Royal American League, was first organized on the 9th day of June, 1871, in a small village some twenty miles from the Hudson river, in the State of New York. Of its eight original members, there are now representatives of the Grand Lodge, and in seven years the society has increased to such an extent, that every State in the Union is now represented therein.

Until recently the name and objects were kept in close secrecy, for it was not until a few months ago that the idea of embracing all who desired the opportunity of becoming members was acted upon.

On the 9th of June, 1878, Waldemar, of the Grand Council of the order, made a speech before that body, advocating the admission of all true and worthy American-born boys. This speech was addressed to the Illustrous Chief and Brothers of the Cabinet Council, and in seven years the portion which is most likely to interest our readers is as follows:

"Seven years ago, eight school-boys, averaging the age of fourteen years, met with the determination of joining their hands and hearts together, and proving by actions and deeds their worthiness to be called brothers. In all these years they have kept their faith and plight of loyalty, trust and fidelity until now they represent us in every State in the Union. Now comes the question, will we allow all these American boys, of spotless character, of noble aspirations, of required age, of worthy intentions, embracing love, purity and fidelity, to unite in one common cause together? I know your answer; it is yes. It could not be otherwise. I told you on that day when first we met in that little sacred aim of my life. What we desire is to grasp the hands, and take by storm the hearts of the American youths; to join them together by the golden band of fidelity and love. By doing this, we can benefit, help and aid each other, while we do our country's duty, and we can, by our example, and love and fidelity will conquer all things. What we desire to do, my chief and brothers of the Cabinet Council, is to organize in every town and city in the country a lodge, where the strict principles of justice, honor and noble deeds will be carried out, and prepare ourselves for any position of trust we shall be called upon to fill, be it in the presidential chair or in the workshop."

This speech explains the general objects of the society, which are so much in sympathy with the aims and aspirations of this journal that we do not hesitate to endorse them, having satisfied ourselves by personal inquiry of the purity of their character.

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will therefore be the official organ of the Loyal Sons of America.

Since the date of the speech above quoted earnest efforts have been made to unite the boys of America, and they have proved a grand success. The old name of Royal American League has been changed to that of "Loyal Sons of America," the former title not fully expressing the character of the society.

To show what it has done in the past, we print the following letter, from a brother in the South, where the yellow-fever worked such havoc a few weeks since:

"ROYAL AMERICAN LEAGUE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"To our Cabinet Council, and our Brothers of the North: How can I, in behalf of myself and my comrades, of the Royal American League, of the State of Louisiana, express more fully my deep and sincere regards, and thanks for your sympathy and aid?"

When we called upon you for assistance, there were those I am sorry to say, that thought some excuse would be forwarded, and that no personal response would be made.

When your formula came first to view in the South, many misgivings had we, and concerning the to be taken, and the right or wrong organization; we have learned different. With deep and sincere feelings and intentions, we pledged ourselves and our honor to be with you, heart and hand.

"Young men, and brothers of the North, I tell you truthfully that from our hearts has passed all ill-will and feelings toward the South."

"When we called upon you for assistance, we would again pledge this time, our lives and sacred honor. You all know how the response to our call was answered. How our beloved chief, with six comrades, traveled day and night to reach us at the earliest possible moment. How they labored at the bedside of our sick, without rest, and more like mothers to their reptiles than the brothers. How we, notwithstanding their fondness for the horrid disease. But we watched, and with the tenderest devotion and care nursed him, while our hearts were filled with terrible misgivings of fear and agony; for his life was far dearer to us than our own."

"He will live, and through his instrumentality, I trust, dear boys of the Northern, Eastern and Western States, that all you that are worthy will join hands together as we, of the Southern States have, and shall continue to do.

"I have the honor to sign myself yours faithfully, until death,"

GOV. GEN'L, R. A. L., LOUISIANA."

On such a letter as the above, comment is superfluous. An Order that can imbue lads with such heroism and self-devotion puts many grown men to shame for their own lack of the highest qualities of humanity. What the Royal American League was, the Loyal Sons of America will be, and more, stronger than ever and further reaching in their aims and efforts.

We can therefore leave the Order hereafter to tell its own story.

EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER.

Loyal Sons of America.

ECCE SIGNUM.

In answer to the question, "What is the Order of the Loyal Sons of America?" we would say:

Its object is to bring the American boys together, and join them by a golden band, heart in hand, heart to heart, as brothers. Its benefits are numerous. In sickness, a brother is cared for; in trouble, assisted; in sorrow, comforted; in misfortune, aided. In traveling, he finds friends who greet and welcome him wherever he roams. If adversity befalls, then brotherly sympathy and willing hands are extended, while loving hearts in the breasts of the most noble and generous fellows prompt them to true brotherly actions and deeds.

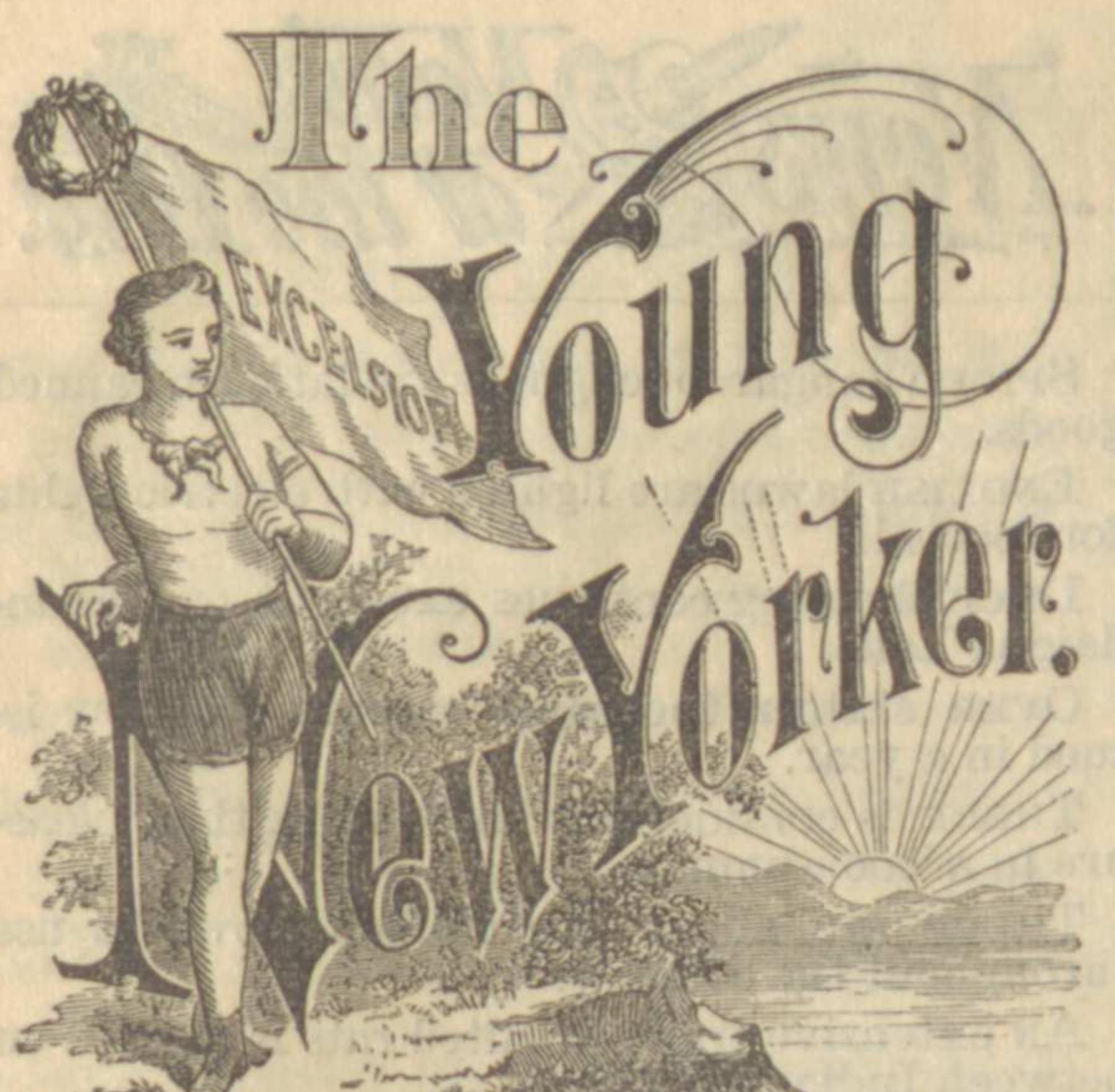
The League is composed only of young men from 16 to 25 years of age, of American birth. Charles Francis Adams says: "Boys bound in a brotherhood together which comprises love, purity and fidelity, cannot but be beneficial."

In the dark hour of need we have pledged ourselves to do all in our power to aid a worthy brother when called upon so to do. In trouble, when other friends forsake, we will not. In sorrow, we comfort. In sickness, if called upon, we care for and aid. We live with the knowledge that we are obeying God's commandment by "loving one another." Our Order has noble, pure and worthy objects. When its intentions are to unite the rising generation of American

youths, does it not speak in the highest possible terms of itself? We ought, we should, we have a society of our own. We have secrets, mysteries, signs, passwords, grips, signals, etc., but this is only to interest us and keep the unworthy and those who have no right in our rooms from being admitted, to tell a brother, etc. What we most think of is all being united in one brotherhood together, and knowing what pleasure it would be to help or assist a brother, or vice versa, being assisted by them in return, to have a comfortable little lodge-room of our own, where we can hold our councils, exchange greetings, read, amuse ourselves, have debates, etc., to keep us from the streets, bad company and bad places.

We do not desire to obtain notoriety, but what we do desire is to have a lodge of American boys in every town and city in our nation, whose purposes are true and loyal, to keep them from evil associates, and make their hearts pure and holy. Ours is not a religious order, but we believe in the Supreme Being, love and honor Him and obey His commandments. Ours is not a temperance society, but we seek to abolish intoxicating drinks, and live to be temperance men, and do all in our power to put the evil spirit from young men, be they brothers or not. Ours is not a political body, but we shall seek to do justice in using of influences in honor, by promoting the welfare of our country in having true, tried and trustworthy men placed in positions of trust, and those who will ever remain true to their country and fellow-men. Remember we are but boys now, those who are full of mirth and glee. Boys have generally little thought beyond the present, and for the future have no meditation or care. We endeavor to show them that the future is the most important part of life to be enacted, and as these very boys are destined to rule and govern, the league seeks to point out the true and right way. By debates and good companionship a great point is gained.

We are ready and willing to prove to those desirous, that our society is composed of boys, and that all who will be enrolled in our Official Organ, or has or will be done by the League, has been and will ever remain moral, true and pure. We appeal to our Creator for the rectitude of our past and future intentions and



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"All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote."—HENRY WARD BEECHER

The Young Men's League.

We had occasion in a recent number, (Dec. 16th,) to speak of "Young Men's Societies" in America and to suggest that they needed a general bond of union to develop their best features and capacities for good.

Since that time we have received many letters on the subject, showing that the idea had met with general approval among young men; and one of its results has been the formation of the "Loyal Sons of America," a league of American boys, which makes its appeal to the world in the present number of *The Young New Yorker*.

The objects of this League, which we believe must meet with general favor, are to unite the efforts of young men's societies in all parts of our country, so as to make them a power for good. The idea embraces everything that is virtuous and ennobling among young men, and is intended to take in all the features of physical as well as moral improvement. Athletic clubs of all sorts, base-ball leagues, walking, fencing, swimming, shooting, skating and lacrosse clubs, as well as the social organizations of which our cities are so prolific, all come within the title of "Loyal Sons of America," so long as they preserve a high moral tone and keep their members from the contaminations of gambling and intemperance. Debating societies, dramatic and literary clubs, come equally within its provisions, and the society aims to constitute a real union of American young men for mutual improvement in all parts of the country.

What this union has done in the past, when restricted to a few clubs and societies, the letters in the column devoted thereto will show. It proved itself capable of braving the virulent pestilence of last summer, from which many men shrank back aghast, and carrying help to the bedside of the sick and dying at the imminent risk of its own members. A society which teaches boys like these to put grown men to shame by following the loftiest precepts of Christianity, can hardly fail of a good effect. When we add that its organization has now been perfected, under the kind advice of men of matured experience in such matters, who predict for it a grand success, we need say but little more in its favor.

As a bond of union for college societies, of which we have so many, it offers peculiar advantages. Collegians have a great deal of experience in the practical working of such organizations, and are therefore well fitted to make the league of the Loyal Sons of America all that it ought and aims to be. We bespeak for the new society a kindly welcome and that generous enthusiasm which the young alone possess in full strength. Long may it flourish, a beacon light of progress and virtue to the youth of America.

The Skating Season.

The skating season in the metropolis, for the winter of 1878-79, was opened on the afternoon of Dec. 19th, when about a hundred boys and girls were permitted to disport themselves on the Capitoline Lake, which was covered with a clear glittering surface of hard ice about two inches in thickness. It not being strong enough to bear a crowd, the regular signal was not hoisted, and the public opening of the lake, therefore, did not take place until the 20th, when there was quite a gay assemblage of the patrons of this popular family skating resort present. This is the sixteenth season that skating has been enjoyed at the Capitoline Lake, and it will positively be the last, as the property is sold for building lots, and houses will be erected early in April next upon the ground.

The present season's programme will include skating every day and night—except on Sunday—when the ice will admit of the sport. On Wednesdays and Saturdays a band of music will be engaged, and on Saturdays there will be games and races for prizes for the boys and girls patronizing the lake. The terms for admission are the same as last year, viz., twenty-five cents for gentlemen and ten cents for ladies and children, the latter when under fourteen years of age. There will be a gala time on the lake on Christmas and during the holidays.

At Prospect Park the skating season had not opened on the 21st, as the ice was not thick enough on the Park lakes to bear the thousands who throng there when the ball is up. At the Capitoline Lake the water is nowhere over twenty inches in depth, while at the Park lakes it ranges from three to four feet in depth, therefore a greater thickness of ice surface is requisite at the Park lakes before skating can safely be allowed.

College Games.

We propose to give, from time to time, in the columns of *THE YOUNG NEW YORKER*, full accounts of the athletic and other clubs organized in our American colleges. Before commencing the publication of those we have on hand, we desire to make the list complete by the addition of all the colleges in the country. With this object we invite the young athletes of our colleges to send us letters giving a full description of the base-ball, athletic, rowing, debating, and other clubs and societies formed of college men in their particular institutions, and we will publish the same at the rate of one college a week. We desire a full and careful list of the clubs, with the names of officers, and most distinguished athletes and players. These records will in time to come be very valuable, as preserving in print the memory of transactions which may now be said to be written in sand so soon as they are forgotten by the busy world. When *THE YOUNG NEW YORKER* shall have become venerable, and the young fellows who now spin round the mile track at such a pace shall be tottering old men, it will only be necessary to turn to the familiar old files of our beloved paper and settle beyond a doubt who made the best time in 1879, on track or river, who made the most home runs on the ball field, and who was the champion of that year. Now these things pass out of sight, because there is no one to record them. *THE YOUNG NEW YORKER* will make it a business to keep them in memory.

Young America.

THERE has been an organization in existence for some years, intended for young Americans—that is to say, Americans between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, which, in addition to its patriotic sentiment, is intended to act as a bond of union between the members and to exert practical benevolence. It is, we are informed, undergoing some changes to render it more simple and to emphasize the idea contained in its title, which will be accomplished within a brief period, and then we shall see how the boys work it. It will be recollected that in a recent article we made reference to the tendency of the public mind toward Masonic methods, and this appears to add confirmation to our views.

This new organization is known as the Loyal Sons of America, and has chosen for its organ *THE YOUNG NEW YORKER*, published by Adams & Co., as a corrective to the poisonous stuff that goes by the name of boys' papers in too many cases in our city. We wish the Loyal Sons every success.—*N. Y. Dispatch*, Dec. 22d.

A Boy's Photograph.

ONE of the most finished specimens of art-photography we have ever seen is that representing the portrait of a young son of Mr. Baylis, of Brooklyn, recently finished by Frank Pearall, of that city. It was produced on a valuable China dish, then painted from photographs, and finally burnt in, leaving the picture indelibly fixed upon the polished surface of the dish, which thereby becomes an attractive art specimen. It is the first time, we believe, that anything of the kind has been attempted in Brooklyn, and it is a most artistic production. Such a picture of a boy in an athletic club costume or a base-ball uniform, would be a capital holiday gift; only they are rather expensive—the cost of the picture above referred to being fifty dollars.

English Kings and Queens.—How they Died.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR died from enormous fat and a fall from his horse.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Coeur de Lion, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how; but it is said from chagrin, which, we suppose, is another term for a dose of hellbore.

Henry III. died a natural death.

Edward II. was barbarously murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife.

Edward III. died of old age, and Richard II. of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "its caused by unseasonableness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of "a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI. died in prison, by means known only to his jailer and Richard, Duke of Glo'ster.

Edward V. was strangled in the Tower by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. wasted away, as a miser often does.

Henry VIII. died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Henry VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James I. died of high living.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

William III. died of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

George I. died from an apoplectic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart.

George III. died a madman.

George IV. died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William IV. died of apoplexy.

The Art of Tattooing.

MAN in his primitive state exhibits many instincts and customs which civilization modifies, if not entirely dissipates. One of the most curious customs which obtains among savage people is the habit of tattooing or marking the person, generally out of vanity, partly in case of mourn-

Those very remarkable people, the Jews, seem to have been fond of marking themselves. Moses distinctly tells them they shall not do this. Leviticus may be said to be a Consolidated Act, and the ritual is so strict that he lays down laws even for personal dress, thus: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shall thou mar the corners of thy beard; ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you." From this, therefore, it seems probable that some custom resembling tattooing was practiced in the time of Moses, at the time of the Exodus, 1490 B. C., or 3,368 years ago. I don't think the Jews could have learned this from the Egyptians. Mr. Douglas Murray, who has been to Egypt many times, and given great attention to the drawings on the sculptures, thinks that the Egyptian priests, in carrying out their splendid ritual, would never think of cutting themselves.

I am induced to make these remarks on the ornamentation of the human body, being re-

quested by Mr. Jaunach to describe a magnificent specimen of a head of a New Zealander which has lately come into his possession. This head is dried up, so that the skin appears like a piece of parchment taken from an illustrated missal. The head must have belonged to a young man of about five-and-twenty. The hair is a rusty black, had been worn in curly and is still curly. A mark appears round the front of the head as though a fillet had at one time been tied on. The nose has been stretched out to its natural dimensions, but yet it looks somewhat shrivelled in. The lips in process of drying have been so arranged as to show the teeth, which are exceedingly white, very regular, and quite perfect. The ears are much shrunk, but they are perforated with a round hole big enough to admit the pointed end of a cedar pencil. The face is tattooed in a most beautiful manner. A straight line runs from the middle of the forehead to the middle of the nose; toward this the lines on the nose converge either in a zig-zag or straight direction. The same pattern, however, obtains on each temple.

Upon the cheeks the markings somewhat resemble the figure 8, round the mouth we ob-

serve rings. A dark line is taken from each angle of the cheek, and this line gives off other lines upward toward the nose, and downward toward the chin. At each angle of the nose there is an elegant marking, representing very much an ordinary watch-spring. Even in its present state these tattoo marks give the face a particularly ferocious appearance. In life they must have made the countenance of this savage very terrific, if not diabolical in appearance.

Of late years the tattooed heads of New Zealanders have become very scarce. The influence of civilization seems to have almost done away with the native customs of the New Zealanders. I do not think that the tattooed heads of New Zealanders were at all known in this country before Captain Cook's time. My authority for saying this is that the late Dr. Kidd, Regius Professor of Anatomy in the University of Oxford, told me so when attending his lectures in the Anatomy School at Christ Church. In this museum there used to be two very fine heads of New Zealanders, and Dr. Kidd pointed out to his class that one of these heads had been tattooed after death, the other before death. The reason for his coming to this conclusion was that in the case where the markings had been done before death, the lines showed as distinct hollow grooves; in the case where the marking had been done after death, they did not appear as grooves, but as patterns in the skin itself. The reason of this is, of course, that the cuticle, or scar skin, in the live man, had grown over the cuts, and, as it were, varnished them over.

The word tattoo is first mentioned in Captain Cook's account of the South Sea Islanders. Captain Cook began his voyages in 1768, and finished them in 1771. The operation is called

tattooing, and appears to be formed by the duplication of the Polynesian verb "Ta,"

meaning to strike. This may be possible as the origin of the word "Tattoo" as applied to the peculiar beating of a drum. Captain Cook writes: "The practice of tattooing, or puncturing the body, prevails among the people (the Sandwich Islanders), and of all the islands in the ocean, it is only at New Zealand and the Sandwich Isles that the face is tattooed." There is this difference between these two nations, that the New Zealanders perform this operation on elephant spiral volutes, and the Sandwich Islanders in straight lines that intersect each other at right angles. Some of the natives have their bodies from head to foot, tattooed. This gives them a most striking appearance."

Now comes a most interesting paragraph which may possibly be brought to bear upon the argument that the New Zealanders are descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel. We have seen above how very strictly Moses forbade tattooing as marks of mourning. On this point Captain Cook writes, and it is a strange piece of evidence: "We have some reason to imagine that the practice of tattooing is often intended as a sign of mourning on the decease of a chief or any other calamitous occurrence."

In a work entitled "The New Zealander," published by Charles Knight, 1830, I find some portraits of tattooing instruments. They appear to be very like combs of different sizes, only that the points of the teeth of the comb are very sharp. It appears that in 1816 a sailor of the name of Rutherford was captured by the natives, and remained with them some ten years. At the end of this time, out of compliment, they tattooed him. The following is an account of the operation: "Having taken a piece of charcoal and rubbed it upon a stone with a little water so as to produce a thick liquid, they dipped it into an instrument made of bone with a sharp edge like a chisel, and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe. They then applied the instrument to the skin, and struck it twice or three times with a piece of wood, thereby making it cut into the flesh as a knife would have done, and causing a great deal of blood to flow, which they kept wiping off with the side of the hand in order to see whether the impression was sufficiently clear; if not, they applied the cutting instrument again to the same place. Various instruments were, however, employed in the course of the operation, one sort being made of a shark's tooth, and another having a serrated edge; and they were used of different sizes to suit the different parts of the work. Rutherford states that the pain was most acute, and that although the operators were very quick and dexterous he was four hours under their hands; and he was completely blinded for a time by the operation. In three days the swelling occasioned by it had greatly subsided and he began to recover his sight; but six weeks elapsed before he was completely well."—Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*.



SPECIAL NOTICE.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, passing and other subjects, so that our readers may depend on copious information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

THE publishers of the *YOUNG NEW YORKER* will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

CLOUD BOY, Wichita, Kansas, asks: "Where can I get show goods for stage-struck boys?" ANSWER. Send your order to Peck & Snyder, whose address you will see in our advertising columns.

COCKNEY wants to know why the tract of land in northern part of this State, known as John Brown's tract, is so called. ANSWER. One John Brown, a bushwhacker, got land in the Adirondack wilderness, with the idea of founding a colony. The colony failed, but the name remains.

BAY STATE writes: "1st. Where can I buy a good chess book costing about \$1.00? 2d. Could you tell me who Harry Castleman is whose stories are published by Porter and Coates, Philadelphia?" ANSWER 1st. We can send you a chess book as good as any in the market for ten cents. 2d. Harry Castleman is known as that of a good writer, but that is all the information we can furnish him at present.

JOHN RYORDAN, asks: "Is it injurious to smoke paper cigarettes? I work in a drug store and smoke about six a day. I am sixteen years old." ANSWER. Paper cigarettes are the very worst form in which to use smoking tobacco. If you now smoke six a day, you are taking a very bad risk, as some men do, and with heart disease or consumption. Break off the habit now while you can. In three years it will be too strong for you. Better not smoke till you are fully grown.

BOSTON BOY asks for: "1st. The particulars of the race in which Renforth fell dead in his boat—if he was poisoned, or what he died from?" 2d. If we send back numbers, will you send us the next?" ANSWER. 1st. The race was on the Kennebec river, New Brunswick, and Renforth was one of the crew of a four-oar rowing against the English four and the Ward Brothers. Renforth died of heart disease, contracted from too much rowing and general excess of athletics. His fate is a warning to all young oarsmen to "go slower." 2d. See "Terms" for answer.

ART & CO., Denver, Colorado, asks: "1st. What do I do to keep the swelling of the feet down? 2d. Where can I get a book on walking, as I am going to organize a walking club?" ANSWER. 1st. Tallow and alcohol are used to soften the skin of the feet and reduce blisters. 2d. There is no actually first-class book on walking as now practiced, so I may change my except in the *Young New Yorker*. You will find all the information on walking you can require. See *Athletic columns*.

YANKEE BOY asks: "Is O'Leary an American-born walker, and is it true that Campana is a Frenchman?" ANSWER. Daniel O'Leary was not only born in Ireland, but attained manhood there, and is no longer an American citizen. Peter Napoleon Campana, as his surname implies, is of Italian parentage, but he is a true native American, having been born in Petersburg, Va., Sept. 17th, 1836. His father was an Italian, his mother from Alsace, a province France till the last Franco-German war, was now German and called Elsaess. Campana was brought up around Fulton Market in the fish business and is a representative American as much as Weston.

ALEX. KERR asks whether 12 squares in Philadelphia, say from 10th and Spruce to 22d and Spruce, is a mile or not. I wish to take a mile walk on time soon, either in or about the city. ANSWER. Your only way to ascertain the fact will be to call at the office of the City Surveyor and get a map. Send for the information. No person living in another city and relying on maps can give a perfectly correct answer to such a question. If you know any one in a surveyor's office who will take a steel measuring tape and go with you, the shortest way would be to measure the mile you require in some road near your home and indicate the points by some marks that you can recognize by yourself without defacing the highway. Then you would know just what you are doing.

Four get just out. Chap 28.



HUNTING THE TRAIL.

"CAPT. MAYNE REID'S BEST BOYS' STORY."

GASPAR, THE GAUCHO;

OR,

LOST ON THE PAMPAS.

A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE BOY HUNTERS," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS,"

"AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

TRAVELING TANDEM.

An odd spectacle the trio of trackers would afford to any one seeing them on the *salitral* now, without knowing what they are at; one riding directly in the wake and on the track of the other, with over a hundred yards between each pair. And as all are going at full gallop, it might be supposed that the foremost is fleeing from the other two—one of the pursuers having a blown horse and fallen hopelessly behind!

Nor do they proceed in silence. Instead, the hindmost is heard to utter loud shouts which the one midway repeats, as if in echo; while he ahead alone says nothing. Even this would strengthen the supposition of its being a chase; the pursued party speechless from the intensity of his fears, and the effort he is making to escape his pursuers.

One near enough, however, to note the expression upon the faces of all three, and hear the words spoken, would know that the three galloping horsemen, though oddly apart, are in friendly communication with one another. Since in their shouts, though loud, is nothing to tell of hostility or anger. Nor yet any great variety of speech—only the two words, "right" and "left;" these uttered at short but irregular intervals, first by the hindmost, then taken up by the one riding midway, and passed on to him who leads; the last, as he hears them, shaping his course in accordance.

In this quaint fashion they have proceeded several leagues, when the leader, Ludwig, is seen to swerve suddenly to the left, without any direction having reached him from behind; this, too, at an angle of full fifty degrees.

"Right!" calls Cypriano from the rear, the tone of his voice telling of surprise, while the same is visible on his face.

Gaspar repeats the word in like accent of astonishment. Cypriano once more vociferating, "Right! to the right!"

But, although Ludwig must have heard them both, to neither gives he ear, nor pays the slightest attention to the directions called out to him. Instead, he still holds out in the new course, which he seems to have chosen for himself.

Has his horse shied, and escaped from his control? That is the first thought of the other two, who by this time have both reined up, and sit looking after him. Then a more painful apprehension forces itself upon them: he may have gone astray in another sense, than from the track he should have taken. Is he still under the influence of the animal electricity, which might account for his seemingly eccentric behavior? For eccentric it certainly appears, if not something worse—as indeed they half suspect it to be.

While they continue watching him, they see, as well as hear, what goes far toward confirming their suspicions. For after galloping some two or three hundred yards, and without once looking back, he suddenly pulls up, raises the hat from his head, and holding it aloft, waves it round and round, all the while uttering cries as of one in a frenzy!

"Pobrecito!" mutters Gaspar to himself, "the excitement has been too much for him. So long on the strain—no wonder. Ay de mi! Another of that poor family doomed—and to worse than death!"

At the same time Cypriano is reflecting in a somewhat similar fashion, though he makes no remark. The strange exhibition saddens him beyond the power of speech. His cousin has gone crazed!

They had headed their horses, and were about to ride rapidly after, when they saw him stop; and now moving gently forward with their eyes on him, they see him replace the cap upon his head, and bend downward, with gaze given to the ground. Some new fancy dictated

by a disordered brain, think they. What will he do next? What will they see?

And what do they see on drawing nearer to him? That which makes both of them feel foolish enough; at the same time that it rejoices them to think they have been the victims of a self-deception. For before they are quite up to the spot where he has halted, they perceive a large space of whitish color, where the surface mud has been tossed and mixed up with the substratum of salt-peter—all done by the hoofs of horses, as even at a distance they can tell.

"Come along here, you laggards!" cries Ludwig in tone of triumph; "I've something to show you. Feast your eyes upon this!"

While speaking he nods to the ground by his horse's head, indicating the disturbed tract; then adding, as he raises his hand, and points outward:

"And on that!"

The "that" he refers to is a white list leading away westward as far as they can see—evidently the tract taken by those they are up against.

Long ere this, both Gaspar and Cypriano have full comprehension of what perplexed them. But neither says a word of the suspicions they had entertained concerning him. Each in his own mind has resolved never to speak of them, the gaucho, as he comes up again, crying out:

"Bravo!" then adding with an air of gracious humility, "So, Señor Ludwig, you, too, have beaten me! Beaten us all! You've set us on the right trail now; one which, if I mistake not, will conduct us to the end of our journey, without need of sunshine, or any other contrivance."

"And that end," interposes Cypriano, "will be in a town or camp of Tovas Indians, at the tent of the scoundrel Aguara;" then, adding excitedly, "Oh! that I were there now!"

"Have patience, *hijo mio*," counsels Gaspar; "you'll be there in good time, and that very soon. For from something I remember, I don't think we've much more journey to make. But before proceeding further, let us take a look at this curious thing here, and see what we can make of it. Besides, our animals need breathing a bit."

So saying, he dismounts, as do the others; and leaving their horses to stand at rest, all three commence examination of the tract which shows stirred and trampled.

They see hoof-marks of horses—scores of them—all over the ground for a space of several perches, and pointed in every direction; among them also the footprints of men, with here and there smooth spots as if where human bodies had reclined. That both men and horses had been there is evident, and that they had gone off by the trace running westward, equally so. But how they came thither is a question not so easily answered; since the same halting-place shows no track of either horse or man leading toward it.

Odd all this might appear, indeed inexplicable, to one unacquainted with the nature of a dust-storm, or unaware of the incidents which have preceded. But to Gaspar, the gaucho, everything is as clear as daylight; and, after a short inspection of the "sign," he thus fully interprets it:

"The red-skins had just got thus far, when the *tormenta* came on. It caught them here, and that's why we see these smooth patches; they lay down to let it blow by. Well! there's one good turn it's done us; we know the exact time they passed this spot; or, at all events, when they were on it. That must have been just after we entered the cave, and were engaged with the *tigre*—I mean Number 1. No, doubt by the time we tackled the old Tom they were off again. As you see, *muchachos*, some little rain has sprinkled that trail since

they passed over it, which shows they went away in the tail of that terrific shower. So," he adds, turning round, and stepping back toward his horse, "there's nothing more to be done but ride off after them; which we may now do as rapidly as our animals can carry us."

At this they all remount, and setting their horses' heads to the Indian trail, proceed upon it at a brisk pace; no longer traveling tandem, but broadly abreast.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PICKING UP PEARLS.

From their new point of departure, the trackers have no difficulty about the direction; this traced out for them, as plain as if a row of finger-posts, twenty yards apart, were set across the *salitral*. For at least a league ahead they can distinguish the white list, where the saline efflorescence has been turned up, and scattered about the hoofs of the Indian horses.

They can tell by the trail that over this portion of their route the party they are in pursuit of has not ridden in any compact or regular order, but straggled over a wide space; so that here and there, the tracks of single horses show separate and apart. In the neighborhood of an enemy the Indians of the Chaco usually march under some sort of formation; and Gaspar, knowing this, draws the deduction that those who have latest passed over the *salitral* must have been confident that no enemy was near—either in front or following them. Possibly, also, their experience of the *tormenta*, which must have been something terrible on that exposed plain, had rendered them careless as to their mode of marching.

Whatever the cause, they now taking up their trail, do not pause to speculate upon it, nor make any delay. On the contrary, as bounds that have several times lost the scent, hitherto faint, but once more recovered, and now fresher and stronger than ever, they press on with ardor not only renewed, but heightened.

All at once, however, a shout from Cypriano interrupts the rapidity of their progress—in short, bringing them to a halt—he himself suddenly reining up as he gives utterance to it. Gaspar and Ludwig turn simultaneously toward him for an explanation. While their glances hitherto have been straying far forward, he has been giving his habitually to the ground more immediately under his horse's head, and to both sides of the broad trail; his object being to ascertain if among the many tracks of the Indians' horses, those of Francesca's pony are still to be seen.

And sure enough he sees the diminutive hoof-marks plainly imprinted—not at one particular place, but every here and there as they go galloping along. It is not this, however, which elicited his cry, and caused him to come so abruptly to a stop. Instead, surely something which equally interests, while more surely proclaiming the late presence of the girl, in that place, with the certainty of her being carried along a captive. He has caught sight of an object which lies glistening among the white powder of the *salitré*—whitish itself, but of a more lustrous sheen. Pearls—a string of them, as it proves upon closer inspection! At a glance he recognizes an ornament well known to him, as worn by his girl cousin; Ludwig also, soon as he sees it, crying out:

"It's sister's necklace!"

Gaspar, too, remembers it: for pearls are precious things in the eyes of a gaucho, whose hat often carries a band of such termed the *toquilla*.

Cypriano, flinging himself from his saddle, picks the necklace up, and holds it out for examination. It is in no way injured, the string still unbroken, and has no doubt dropped to the ground by the clasp coming undone. But there are no traces of a struggle having taken place, nor sign that any halt had been made on that spot. Instead, the pony's tracks, there distinctly visible, tell of the animal having passed straight on without stop or stay. In all likelihood, the catch had got loosened at the last halting-place in that conflict with the storm, but had held on till here.

Thus concluding, and Cypriano remounting, they continue onward along the trail, the finding of the pearls having a pleasant effect upon their spirits. For it seems a good omen, as if promising that they may yet find the one who had worn them, as also be able to deliver her from captivity.

Exhilarated by the hope, they canter briskly on; and for several leagues meet nothing more to interrupt them; since that which next fixes their attention, instead of staying, but lures them onward—the tops of tall trees, whose rounded crowns and radiating fronds tell that they are palms.

It still lacks an hour of sunset, when these begin to show over the brown waste, and from this the trackers know they are nearing the end of the *travesia*. Cheered by the sight, they spur their horses to increased speed, and are soon on the edge of the *salitral*; beyond, seeing a plain where the herbage is green, as though no dust-storm had flown over it. Nor had there, for the *tormenta*, like cyclones and hurricanes, been local, its blast having a well-defined border.

Riding out upon this tract—more pleasant for a traveler—they make a momentary halt, but still remaining in their saddles, as they gaze inquiringly over it.

And here Cypriano, recalling a remark which Gaspar had made at their last camping-place, asks an explanation of it. The gaucho had expressed a belief, that from something he remembered, they would not have much further to go before arriving at their journey's end.

"Why did you say that?" now questions the young Paraguayan.

"Because I've heard the old *cacique*, Naraguana, speak of a place where they buried their dead. Strange my not thinking of that sooner; but my brains have been so muddled with what's happened, and the hurry we've been in all along, I've forgotten a good many things. He said they had a town there too, where they sometimes went to live, but often to die. I warrant me that's the very place they're in now; and from what I understood him to say, it can't be very far t'other side this *salitral*. He spoke of a hill rising above the town, which could be seen a long ways off: a curious hill, shaped something like a wash-basin turned bottom upward. Now, if we could only sight that hill."

At this he ceases speaking and elevates his eyes, with an interrogative glance which takes in all the plain ahead, up to the horizon's verge. Only for a few seconds is he silent, when his voice is again heard, this time in grave, but gleeful, exclamation:

"Por todos Santos! there's the hill itself!"

The others looking out behold a dome-shaped eminence, with a flat, table-like top recognizable from the quaint description Gaspar has just given of it, though little more than its summit is visible above the plain—for they are still several miles distant from it.

The last observation refers to the sun, which, suddenly shooting out from the clouds hitherto obscuring it, again shows itself in the sky. Not now, however, as in the early morning hours, behind their backs; but right in front of them, and low down, threatening soon to set.

"We must go nearer to it now," observes the gaucho, adding, in a tone of apprehension, "we may be too near already. Caspita! Just look at that!"

The last observation refers to the sun, which, suddenly shooting out from the clouds hitherto obscuring it, again shows itself in the sky. Not now, however, as in the early morning hours, behind their backs; but right in front of them, and low down, threatening soon to set.

"Vayate!" he continues to ejaculate in a tone of mock scorn, apostrophizing the great luminary,

nary, "no thanks to you now, showing yourself when you're not needed. Instead, I'd thank you more if you'd kept your face hid a bit longer. Better for us if you had."

"Why better?" asks Cypriano, who, as well as Ludwig, has been listening with some surprise to the singular monologue. "What harm can the sun do us now more than ever?"

"Because now, more than ever, he's shining unfortunately, both as to time and place."

"In what way?"

"In a way to show us to eyes we don't want to see us just yet. Look at that hill yonder. Supposing now, just by chance, any of the Indians should be idling upon it, or they have a vidette up there. Bah! what am I babbling about? He couldn't see us if they had; not here, unless through a telescope, and I don't think the Tovas are so far civilized as to have that implement among their chattels. For all, we're not safe on this exposed spot, and the sooner we're off it the better. Some of them may be out scouting in this direction. Come, let us get under cover, and keep so till night's darkness gives us a still safer screen against prying eyes. Thanks to the Virgin! yonder's the very place for our purpose."

He points to a clump of trees, around the stems of which appears a dense underwood; and, soon as signaling this, he rides toward and into it.

Once inside the copse, and for the time seeing secure against observation, they hold a hasty counsel as to which step they ought next to take. From the sight of that oddly-shaped hill, and what Gaspar remembers Naraguana to have said, they have no doubt of its being the same referred to by the old chief, and that the sacred town of the Tovas is somewhere beside it. So much they feel sure of, their doubts being about the best way for them to approach the place and enter the town, as also the most proper time. And with these doubts are, of course, mingled many fears; though with these, strange to say, Ludwig, the youngest and least experienced of the three, is the least troubled. Under the belief, as they all are, that Naraguana is still living, his confidence in the friendship of the aged *cacique* has throughout remained unshaken. When the latter is told of all that has transpired: how his pale-faced friend and protege met his death by the assassin's hand—how the daughter of that friend has been carried off—surely he will not refuse restitution, even though it be his own people who have perpetrated the double crime!"

Reasoning thus, Ludwig counsels their riding straight on to the Indian town, and trusting to the good heart of Naraguana—throwing themselves upon his generosity. Cypriano is equally eager to reach the place, where he supposes his dear cousin Francesca to be pining as a prisoner; but holds a very different opinion about the prudence of the step, and less believes in the goodness of Naraguana. To him all Indians seem treacherous—Tovas Indians more than any—for before his mental vision he has ever seen it.

As for the gaucho, though formerly one of Naraguana's truest friends, from what has happened, his faith in the integrity of the old Tovas chief is greatly shaken. Besides, the caution, habitual to men of his calling and kind, admonishes him against acting rashly now, and he but restates his opinion: that they will do best to remain under cover of the trees, at least till night's darkness comes down. Of course this is conclusive, and it is determined that they stay.

Dismounting, they make fast their horses to some branches, and sit down beside them—en *bivouac*. But in this camp they kindly no fire, nor make any noise, conversing only in whispers. One passing the copse could hear no sound inside it, save the chattering of a flock of macaws, who have their roosting-place amid the tops of its tallest trees.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE SACRED TOWN.

That same sun which became so suddenly obscured over the *salitral*, to shine again in the later hours of the afternoon, is once more about to withdraw its light from the Chaco—this time for setting. Already appears its disk almost down upon the horizon; and the strangely-shaped hill, which towers above the Tovas town, casts a dark shadow over the plain eastward, to the distance of many miles. The palms skirting the lake reflect their graceful forms far over the water, whose surface, undisturbed by the slightest breath of air, shows smooth and shining as a mirror; broken, however, here and there, where water-fowl disport themselves upon it. Among these may be observed the great musk

duck, misnamed "Muscovy," and the black-necked swan; both indigenous to the Chaco; while in the shallower places along shore, and by the edges of the islets, appear various species of long-legged waders, standing still, or stalking about as if on stilts; the most conspicuous of all being the scarlet flamingo, side by side with the yet taller *garzon*, already known to us as "soldier-crane."

A scene of tranquil yet picturesque beauty—perhaps no fairer on earth—is the landscape lying around the Sacred Town of the Tovas.

And on this same day and hour, a stranger entering within the precincts of the place itself might not observe anything to contrast with the tranquillity of the scene outside. Among the *toldos* he would see children at play, and here and there, seated by their doors, young girls engaged in various occupations; some at basket work, others weaving mats from the fibers of palm-leaves, still others knitting *redes*, or hammocks. Women of more mature age are busied with culinary cares, preparing the evening repast over fires kindled in the open air; while several are straining out the honey of the wild bee, called *tosimi*, which a party of bee-hunters, just returned to the *tolderia*, has brought home.

A few of the men may also be observed moving about, or standing in groups on the open ground adjoining the *malocca*; but at this hour most of them are on horseback out upon the adjacent plain, there galloping to and fro, gathering their flocks and herds, and driving them toward the *corrals*: these flocks and herds composed of horned-cattle, sheep, and goats—the Tovas Indians being somewhat of a pastoral people. No savages they, in the usual sense of the term, nor yet is hunting their chief occupation.

Once inside the copse, and for the time secure against observation, they hold a hasty counsel as to which step they ought next to take. From the sight of that oddly-shaped hill

Meanwhile, the girl has been intrusted to the charge and safe-keeping of Shebotha, a sort of "mystery woman," or sorceress, of much power in the community; though, as all know, under the influence of Aguara himself. But he has not dared to take the youthful captive to his own *toldo*, or even hint at so doing; instead, he still keeps his wicked purpose to himself, trusting to time and Shebotha for its accomplishment.

According to his own way of thinking, he can well afford to wait. He has but thought that any one will ever come after the captive girl; much less one with power to release her. It is not probable, and hardly a knowledge possessed only by himself, scarcely possible. Her father is dead, her mother doomed to worse than death, and also her brother and that other relative—his own rival. For before parting with him, Rufina Valdez had said what amounted to so much; and possibly by this time the Señor Halberger, with what remained of her family, would be on the way back to Paraguay; not returning voluntarily, but taken back by the *raqueano*. With this belief—a false one, as we know—the young Tova's chief feels secure of his victim, and therefore refrains from any act of open violence, as likely to call down upon him the censure of his people. Though popular with the younger members of the tribe, he is not so much in favor with the elders as to fly in the face of public opinion; for were these aware of what has really taken place, it would go ill with him. But as yet they are not; silence having been enjoined on the youths who accompanied him on that ill-starred expedition, which they, for their own sakes, hitherto been careful to keep.

For all, certain facts have come to light in disjointed, fragmentary form, with deductions drawn from them, which go hard against the character of the young *cacique*; and as the hours pass others are added, until discontent begins to show itself among the older and more prominent men of the tribe, chiefly those who were the friends of his father. For these were also friends of her father, now alike fatherless, though made so by a more cruel fate. Low murmurings are here and there heard, which speak of an intent to prosecute inquiry on the subject of Halberger's assassination—even to the carrying it into Paraguay. Now that they have re-entered into amity with Paraguay's Dictator, they may go thither, though the purpose would be a strange one; to arraign the commissioner who acted in restoring the treaty!

With much whispering and murmurings around, it is not strange that the young *cacique*, while dreaming of future pleasures, should also have fears for that future. His love-passion, wild and wicked, has brought him into danger, and a storm seems brewing that, sooner or later, may deprive him of his chieftainship.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 1.]

EARLY WINTER.

BY H. J. L.

The waning year looks gently down
On these bright days that come and go;
Dead, faded, buried is the crown
That Summer wore with face a glow.
When June slept lightly o'er the hills
And through the vales sent hastening rills.

Those blissful days come back to chase
The gloom from chill December skies;
Their fragrance lingers yet to grace
Paths where all tender blossoms die,
Where the brown earth, with tranquil breast,
Prepares to take its long, deep rest.

Through naked boughs the sunlight sifts,
And gives them beauty all their own;
Nor yet the featherly snowflake drifts
Through silent woods, where none is stone;
The hallowed hush, the softened hue,
Weave their own nameless charm anew.

The old year wanes. The birds of spring
Now gladness other skies than ours:
No mate for them, no mate for wing,
Sends tribute to these hastening hours;
But plaintive voices stir below,
Their shadowed and unceasing flow.

Thought wanders back and grasps anew
All the warmth of golden half fair;
The loves, the joys that upward grew
And spread in faith's diviner air,
But perished as the days went by,
E'en as the flowers that round us lie.

We know that Spring will come and bring
Again earth's meed of song and bloom;
We know, too, that another Spring
Hath somewhere in God's garden room,
Where love shall find its own, nor miss
One drop from its pure draught of bliss.

Catfish.

The Champion of the Mississippi.

BY CARL BRENT.

ALL boys who have been bred in the country, and many who have had but few opportunities of enjoying the country boys' experiences, are acquainted with the catfish, which is otherwise known as the "hornput" and "bullock." He inhabits ponds and other still waters, affects the mud, and neighbors with the sucker and the eel.

The catfish is not a lovely creature to look at. With his clumsy big head, his wide mouth, his tapering body and his eel-like skin, he is decidedly ugly, suggesting an overgrown tadpole. Small boys are apt to be afraid of him, and well they may be, as he carries on each side of his mouth flexible weapons which are known as horns, which he can drive viciously into a boy's finger, leaving a stinging sort of pain that lasts for some time. For what purpose these horns were originally intended, it is hard to say; but he finds a use for them as soon as he is hauled to the surface and brought in contact with a human hand. It is easy, however, to circumvent the stingers if you know how. It is all in the knack. You must pass your hand boldly over the horns, from the mouth backward, confining them against the body, and then you may remove your hook with impunity.

The catfish is by no means a dainty feeder. As he greedily accepts anything that is offered him in the way of bait, he may be regarded as nearly omnivorous, a sort of hog of the water. It is certain that he is a cannibal. If you catch a catfish and cut him into two bits, you will find that his flesh is a good bait for other catfish. I have heard that if he be cut from the live one just caught and used as bait, the same catfish, if thrown back into the water, is liable to be caught with that very bait made of his own flesh. I never desired to try the experiment.

As the catfish is not a nice feeder, it may be supposed that he is not nice to eat; but the small ones, and particularly the blue variety, found in clear ponds or running water, are very good eating, if they are cleaned and cooked properly.

The cleaning is what bothers the boys, for then the question of the horns again comes up. The tough and scaleless skin must be got rid of, as that of the eel must be; but the eel has no horns, as the catfish has, with which to protest against the process. He is, moreover, about as tenacious of life as the eel, and you are apt to find him alive and horning when you want to clean him. Tender-fingered boys re-

sort to various expedients to evade the responsibility of handling his horns. Some of them will parboil him and then scrape off the skin; but this spoils him for cooking purposes. Others will dip him in a bucket of lye or roll him in hot ashes, as a possum is cleaned in the South; but these methods injure his flavor, and neither of them is at all sportsmanlike.

When you have caught your catfish, you must clean him, and there is but one proper way to do it. He has but thought that any one will ever come after the captive girl; much less one with power to release her. It is not probable, and hardly a knowledge possessed only by himself, scarcely possible. Her father is dead, her mother doomed to worse than death, and also her brother and that other relative—his own rival. For before parting with him, Rufina Valdez had said what amounted to so much; and possibly by this time the Señor Halberger, with what remained of her family, would be on the way back to Paraguay; not returning voluntarily, but taken back by the *raqueano*. With this belief—a false one, as we know—the young Tova's chief feels secure of his victim, and therefore refrains from any act of open violence, as likely to call down upon him the censure of his people. Though popular with the younger members of the tribe, he is not so much in favor with the elders as to fly in the face of public opinion; for were these aware of what has really taken place, it would go ill with him. But as yet they are not; silence having been enjoined on the youths who accompanied him on that ill-starred expedition, which they, for their own sakes, hitherto been careful to keep.

Those who have become acquainted with the catfish only in the ponds and streams of the Eastern and Middle States would be astonished to see what a size he grows when he has ample room and time for development.

Those that are caught in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers are generally very large, and some of them may properly be styled monsters. The flesh of such is necessarily coarse and somewhat stringy, but the catfish is a favorite article of food with many who can get no better fish.

When I was a young fellow, I happened to be sojourning for a while at Cairo, now a town of some size, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The "city" had then just begun to emerge from the doleful condition which was so vividly described by Dickens in "American Notes." A levee had been built around the town site, to shut out the annual overflow, and a few houses had been erected; but most of the inhabitants still resided, and most of the business was still transacted in flat-boats at the river side.

A considerable portion of the population was composed of laborers on the track of the then unfinished Illinois Central Railroad, and fish was a necessity of their existence, for at least one day in the week. Consequently the fishing business was pretty lively, and many large catfish were caught. The railroad workers remained themselves freely with this diet; but it must be confessed that it hardly seemed to agree with them, especially when mixed with whisky. The regular course of events was as follows: Catfish—whisky—cholera, and the victims were many, but the demand for catfish and whisky did not abate.

At the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, where the water of the former river was frequently backed up by that of the latter, leaving no more current that there is in a mill pond, catfish and buffalo thrived and grew to an enormous size. It was also a favorite feeding place, on account of the scraps and offal that were thrown into the quiet river, to say nothing of a fair allowance of drowned people, with whom I have always considered it possible that those foul feeders may have been too familiar.

Having a curiosity to learn how the big fish were caught, I easily persuaded Pat Hennessy, a noted fisherman of that ilk, to allow me to accompany him on one of his visits to his trot lines. These were arranged after a method of Pat's own invention. It may not have been a scientific arrangement, but it suited Pat's purposes very well, and he never had any cause to complain of his catch. A stout rope was stretched across the current, out of the channel of the river, and anchored and floated at each end. At regular intervals long and strong lines were attached to the rope, and provided with a big hook, baited with a "chunk" of fresh meat. Each line had its separate float, so that the fisherman was able to tell when a fish was on. In this there was, of course, no chance for what is called sport, as the greedy creatures usually swallowed the hook, and were held until Pat chose to go and take them ashore.

He went off in a skiff, and I soon discovered that the process of catching catfish with trot lines was decidedly uninteresting, as there was nothing for the fisherman to do but haul up his lines, remove the fish, and put on fresh bait. In fact, the only occasion of skill was in the extraction of the deeply embedded hook, which Pat generally accomplished by "main strength and awkwardness."

In this way he had taken in two fair-sized catfish and a buffalo—the latter a coarse-meated fish with large scales—when a sudden jerking of the rope, and the rapid disappearance of the floats near the out-shore end, told him that he had succeeded in hooking something out of the usual run of fish.

"Be javers!" exclaimed Pat, "it's a whale I've got this time."

"What do you suppose it is?" I asked, perceiving that it must be a fish of great strength.

"It might be a sturgeon, sorr."

"Do you have sturgeons here? And do they bite?"

"They come out av Lake Michigan, sorr, down the canal and the Illinois river, and they suck in the bait. Farty big wans, too, sometimes."

"This must be a sturgeon, then, or the grandfather of all the catfish," I said, as I saw what tremendous efforts the fish was making to get loose. But the length of the line and the swing of the lax rope gave him plenty of play.

Pat was hauling the boat up to the place of the "strike," and soon began to pull in the line to which the fish was attached, but without very good success.

"I'm clane bate, sorr," he said. "Will yez plase to find me a hand here?"

I willingly did so, wondering what sort of a monster of the deep we had got hold of, and by our united exertions we brought the fish to the top of the water. When I caught sight of its enormous black head and its wide-open mouth, it was my turn to be astonished, and I nearly dropped the line in dismay.

"Gracious powers!" I exclaimed, "have we caught the Mammoth Cat?"

"It's just that, sorr," replied Pat, "the granddaddy of all the catfish."

"Will yez plase to take a look wid the line around the fish, and hold him there till I make an end av him?"

I did so, and Pat brought from the stern of the skiff an old bowie-knife, very heavy in the blade, and very sharp at the point. With his help I hauled up the great fish until its head was nearly out of the water, and held it there, with its immense mouth against the side of the boat. In that position it made no effort to get loose, but seemed inclined to rest.

The hermit thrush arrives in March or April, becomes abundant and is seen through the later part of April and beginning of May.

The olive-backed thrush is abundant during the migrations of April and October. It is not certain that it breeds on Long Island.

Wilson's thrush is one of the sweetest songsters of the grove, and its natural speakers of its sweetest notes, clear bell-like notes, resonant, distinct, yet soft and of indescribable sadness, fall upon the ear as we pass through the tangled undergrowth; we pause involuntarily to listen to music that for the moment makes us forget the terrible torture of body and vexation of spirit that we endure from the innumerable hosts of musketeers.

The catbird, another not in Giraud's list, has been seen in the neighborhood of Glen Cove,

increased with time and distance, until I remember hearing its weight certified to as 285 pounds, accompanied by the statement that a sack of corn and the remains of a small boy were found in its stomach. But these were exaggerations. It was the largest catfish I have heard of as being properly authenticated, though I have heard many big fish stories.

OER THE ICE.

A SONG FOR SKATERS.

O'er the ice in moonlit sheen, fast the skates are ringing,
Swift as swallows speeding south, through the still air whirling,
Gleam the trees so snowy white, icicles adorning;
Like a bride in wedding robes on the happy morning.
Eyes are bright in winter's night, ringlets free are
Slender forms are flitting by, girls' sweet voices singing;
Stars above are cold and clear, music high is swelling,
Speeds the blood through tingling veins, every pulse is thrilling.

Circling in the devious maze, fast and fair we're skimming,
In the graceful grapevine twist, through the figure skating;
O'er the ice in moonlit sheen, skates so clearly ringing,
Speed we on with merry hearts, while the girls are singing.

American Hunting Grounds.

Birds of Long Island.

IL

THE COWBIRD.

THE cowbird may be termed the vagabond, the tramp, the free-lover, the outlaw of all birds. As other species of birds careful about the locality and the protection of their homes, intense in their affection for their young in the period of helplessness, faithful in their conjugal relations and bearing their own responsibilities, find a counterpart in well-ordered human society, so this cowbird has its counterpart in other phases of society too common in our civilization. Comes says: "Only a few extremely advanced thinkers among birds and the human species dispense with family ties, duties and delights, throwing the burdensome results of their sexual propensities upon society. The cowbirds never mate; their most intimate relations are no sooner effected than forgotten. Not even the decent restrictions of a seraglio are observed. It is a perfect community of free-lovers, who do as the original cincys did. The necessary courtship becomes, in consequence, a curiously mixed affair. During the period corresponding to the mating season of orderly birds, the patriarchs of the sorry crew mount up the trees and fences to do what they call their singing. They posture and turn about, and ruffle their feathers, to look bigger than nature made them; if their skins were not tough they would certainly burst with vanity. They puff out their throats and pipe the most singular notes, perhaps honestly wishing to please their companions of the other sex—at any rate, to their own satisfaction. Meanwhile the females are perched near by, without seeming very enthusiastic—rather taking it all as matter of course, listening at times, it may be, but just as likely pruning their plumage, with other thoughts and an ulterior purpose. The performance over, it is a very little while afterward when the whole band goes trooping after food in the nearest cattle-yard or pasture. The female cowbird lays her eggs in the nests of other birds—in those of the thrush down to that of the gnat-catcher, leaving them to be hatched out by birds which own the nests. In this way the cowbird is the child of foster-parents. Instinct, however, in some cases, has proved too strong to be imposed upon without protest.

A BIRD BASEMENT AND CELLAR.

"It does not appear," says Elliot Cones, the American naturalist, "that the cowbird ever attempts to take forcible possession of a nest. She watches her chance while the owners are away, slips in by stealth, and leaves the evidence of her unfriendly visit to be discovered on their return, in the shape of the ominous egg. The parents hold anxious consultation in this emergency, as their sorrowful cries and disturbed actions plainly indicate. If their nest was empty before, they generally desert it, and their courage in giving up a cosey home results in one cowbird less. Sometimes, even after there is an egg of their own in the nest, they have nerve enough to let it go rather than assume the hateful task of incubating the strange one. But if the female has already laid an egg or two, the pair generally settle into the reluctant conviction that there is no help for it; they quiet down after awhile, and things go on as if nothing had happened. Not always, however, will they desert even an empty nest; some birds have discovered a way out of the difficulty—but it is the most ingenious device imaginable, and the more we think about it the more astonishing it seems. They build a two-story nest, leaving the obnoxious egg in the basement. What birds possessed of instinct only, could build a two-story nest to get rid of an objectionable deposit in the original single story fabric? It argues an intelligent design as was ever indicated in the erection of a building by a human being.

And how can we sufficiently admire the perseverance and energy of a bird which, having once safely shut up the terrible egg in her cellar, and then having found another one violating her premises, forthwith built a third story. She deserves better of fate than that her house should at last be despoiled by a naturalist. This was a summer yellow-bird, to whom the price of passing thus into history, must have seemed hard," Wilson states that the eggs of the cowbird are hatched in two days less than those in whose nests they are deposited. Were it two days later instead of two days sooner the species would become extinct. It comes from the South in the month of April. A singular point in its history is its unexplained disappearance, generally in which localities in which it breeds.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The following are the averages for 1878 of the three best batsmen and bowlers of the champion Cricket Club of the West, the Peninsular Club of Detroit.

BATTING.

Most in Most in Times Aver.

Innings. Inn. March. Runs. Not out. av.

F. H. Francis. 12 32 32 133 0 10

C. B. Calvert. 11 31 31 118 3 14.1

F. Hinchman. 10 57 57 128 0 12.8

W. W. Newhall. 10 32 421 121 36 3.7-36 3.6 1

Dale. 11 62 746 164 39 4.8-39 3.6-11 0

White. 10 38 611 174 33 5.9-33 3.3 0

Wld's. Wld's. Wld's. Wld's. Wld's.



O'Leary and Campana.

By the time this reaches our readers, these famous pedestrians will have decided the question of their respective claims to the first place among American walkers. In order that all our young men may be in possession of the full official information of the trial, we give below the formal compact under which they walk, signed December 12th, 1878:

THE CONDITIONS.

"THE AGREEMENTS made the 12th of December, 1878, between The Young New Yorker of Chicago, Ill., and P. Napoleon Campana, of Bridgeport, Conn., as to a six days' pedestrian race, one hundred and forty-two hours—to commence at one o'clock on Monday morning, Dec. 23, 1878, and terminate on Saturday night at eleven o'clock, to go as they please," under the rules governing the tournament for the championship of the world, by Sir John Allen, at Agricultural Hall, London, a copy of which is annexed. The race to take place at the Hippodrome, New York, and to be for \$2,000—\$1,000 a side—which has been deposited with *The Spirit of the Times*, and either party failing to start shall forfeit his stake. It is further agreed that the expenses entailed—name, rent, advertising, etc., shall be equally compensated by both parties, and those sums shall be repaid to them out of the proceeds resulting from the sale of bar and other privileges, and out of the gate money. It is further stipulated that any and all moneys received for admission and which may be received from the sale of reserved seats shall be given to the competing parties, to be agreed upon on or before Thursday, Dec. 19, and all such admission and other moneys shall be held in trust by the person so agreed upon until the termination of the race, when he shall dispose of the total sum realized as follows: Three-fourths shall be paid to the winner of the race, and one-half shall be paid to the loser, provided the loser is accredited with 450 miles. If the loser fail to make a record of 450 miles, the sum total realized from such admission and other moneys shall be paid to the winner. It is further agreed that members of the athletic clubs of the city of New York shall be requested to officiate as judges, scorers and time-keepers, and that the decision of the dispute, in part of the judges, such question shall be submitted to Mr. William B. Curtis, whose decision shall be final. It is further stipulated that the person agreed upon to receive and dispose of the moneys realized from the match race shall appoint the ticket-sellers, who shall be appointed by the principals, to this match, and the respective backers, the latter to furnish the necessary doorkeepers and ticket-takers. It is further agreed that the tickets received at the door must be deposited in boxes, and shall be taken therefrom once in every twenty-four hours and counted in the presence of representatives of the parties to the agreement, which boxes must be sealed, and the money paid over to the person agreed upon as aforesaid, who shall receipt for the same in duplicate to the parties to this agreement.

"DANIEL O'LEARY.
PETER NAPOLEON CAMPANA."

This agreement does not specify the place of meeting, because at the time it was uncertain where the match could most conveniently be held, and the choice wavered for a time between Gilmore's Garden and the Rink in Third avenue and Sixty-third street. At last the managers of the Garden came down to reasonable terms and the place was prepared for the reception of the pedestrians. Two tracks were laid down, one outside the other inside the ordinary course, which used to be taken for horse races in the days when the Garden was Barnum's Hippodrome. Of course one of these was longer than the other and required fewer laps to the mile, wherefore it became a matter of choice, and was left to the decision of chance—in other words, tossed for at the last moment. Two portable cottages were brought in and set up for the men, so that they might have a warm place to which to retire at the close of a stage, without the necessity of doing their walking in an artificially heated atmosphere.

The following watches of judges were agreed upon for the match, with Mr. William B. Curtis, the referee:

MONDAY, Dec. 23.—W. I. K. Kendrick, J. I. Ribble, W. W. White, Harlem A. C., to 6 A. M. Isaac Duray, C. W. Houston, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. H. P. Mott, W. M. Watson, F. V. Brown, Manhattan A. C., 12 M. to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

TUESDAY, Dec. 24.—John C. Wray, J. W. Smith, Frank Nichols, American A. C., 12 M. to 6 A. M. T. H. Armstrong, F. J. Mott, F. B. Palmer, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. H. P. Mott, W. M. Watson, F. V. Brown, Manhattan A. C., 12 M. to 6 P. M. T. A. McEwen, H. A. Cohen, H. E. Springer, Manhattan A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25.—W. I. K. Kendrick, F. B. Sidell, J. Krawshaw, Manhattan A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. Isaac Duray, C. W. Houston, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. H. P. Mott, W. M. Watson, F. V. Brown, Manhattan A. C., 12 M. to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

THURSDAY, Dec. 26.—John C. Wray, J. B. Daley, George Newman, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. H. P. Mott, W. M. Watson, F. J. Mott, F. B. Palmer, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Isaac Duray, C. W. Houston, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. Leslie C. Bruce, R. Baldwin, J. M. Pollock, Knickerbocker A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

FRIDAY, Dec. 27.—G. Hiltig, J. B. Daley, George Newman, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. H. P. Mott, W. M. Watson, F. J. Mott, F. B. Palmer, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Isaac Duray, C. W. Houston, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28.—W. I. K. Kendrick, J. I. Ribble, W. W. White, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. T. H. Armstrong, F. J. Mott, F. B. Palmer, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Isaac Duray, C. W. Houston, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

Thus the competitors were under close surveillance all the time.

On Monday morning, just before one o'clock, the men came on the ground ready for business. The choice of tracks had been decided on Saturday, Campana taking the outside, O'Leary the inside. The difference between the two is one lap to the mile, as measured by a city surveyor, O'Leary having to make nine laps, Campana eight, to each mile covered. Mr. Curtis, the referee, made a short speech to the men, in which he exhorted them to do their best and announced that he and the judges would re-measure the track while the contest was progressing, so that there might be no doubt whatever as to the exact distance, which would be rigidly adhered to in estimating each man's performance.

Campana appeared in blue drawers, white stockings and a white merino shirt, with the word "SPORT" worked on the breast in large letters. O'Leary wore his usual dress, white shirt and drawers, with brown woolen socks and black velvet trunks.

At precisely one o'clock Mr. Curtis gave the word "Go!" and both men went away, side by side, on their separate tracks. Before starting they shook hands warmly and with mutual respect, O'Leary being evidently convinced that he had before him a man of a different stamp from "Lepper" Hughes, whom he beat so easily. Campana satisfied himself with walking quickly, breaking into a slow trot to keep abreast of O'Leary on the turns, and doing lap for lap with the champion. By this method he gained one-ninth of a mile on every mile covered.

At half-past twelve on Monday, when our reporter visited the garden, the score stood, Campana 52, O'Leary 49 miles. Both men were taking it easily, O'Leary walking steadily, Campana breaking into an occasional trot, but never overstraining himself.

Hare and Hounds Rules.

We are asked in so many quarters for Hare and Hounds rules that we give below all that are absolutely essential:

1. The game requires one (or two) good runners for "Hares," one "pace-master" or chief, two "whippers-in" and any number of "Hounds." These can be chosen afresh for each meeting.

2. The Hare or Hares must be provided with bags full of paper scraps, and must fling a handful, at least in every hundred feet, scattering the same so as to make a plain trail as soon as out of sight of the pack.

3. The trail must be followed till the Hares are caught, run to cover, no short cuts being permitted, save a distance of 100 feet.

4. The Hares must have from ten to fifteen minutes start, as agreed on; and if not out of sight by that time, can be followed in a straight line till they disappear, after which the trail must be followed.

5. The Hounds must obey the orders and horn signals of the pace-master and whippers-in.

These are all the rules that a common Hare and Hounds Club really require, though the English fashionables add many others.

Mme. Anderson's Walk.

MME. ANDERSON completed her first 300 quarter miles at about four minutes past eleven, Dec. 19th, and retired to her apartment amid a perfect *furore* of applause. Her walking has been very even during the past two days. At first she averaged about 3m. 10s. to the quarter, but latterly she has slackened her pace a trifle and walks to about a four-minute gait. Her feet, she says, trouble her somewhat, as blisters are beginning to form on them; but her health is good, and she is confident of her ability to perform the arduous task which she has undertaken. She has slept only one and a half hours since she started on her walk.

A Challenge.

UNCLE SAM's boys have come to the front with the following bold challenge:

"We hereby challenge any team of five men in any militia regiment of the State or regular army to a fifty-mile walk, to be run in one hour, to come off our ground, if the commanding officer will give his consent, for the sum of \$250 per side, the gate money to be given to the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y."

"TAYLOR, TRACEY, HOPKINS, KEATING, DAVID."

"MARINE BARRACKS, BROOKLYN, DEC. 20."

This means business, and if any of our Young New Yorkers belong to National Guard organizations, as many do, we recommend them to take up these bold marines at once.

Amateurs.

THE New York Athletic Club has readmitted it to amateur contests Messrs. J. A. Fullerton, D. E. Bowie and W. L. Allen, who have long been debarred by the club from competing at games. The first objection to these gentlemen grew out of their taking part in Caledonian competitions, where money was given as prizes, so that at the drawing up of the amateur definition they were ruled out. For two years or more, however, these gentlemen have not taken part in such competitions, and as the Montreal and other Canadian athletic clubs have accepted them as amateurs, it was deemed well by the New York Athletic Club to smooth over all difficulties by doing the same.

Gymnasts.

THE members of the Boston Gymnasium gave an exhibition Dec. 14th. Mr. Comer put up the 120lb. bell with one hand, and Whitney two 60lb. bells, one in each hand, after which, at the standing high jump, Howard cleared 4ft. 8in. and Batchelder 4ft. 6in. At the hock-and-kick, Howard reached 7ft. 11in. and Wood 7ft. 8in. Whitney raised his chin over the bar 16 times, and Reider 12 times. In vaulting, stepping under the bar forbidden, Whitney and Williams ended at 6ft. 6in. At the running high jump Howard cleared 5ft. 10in., while Bracket and Williams tied for second honors at 5ft. 4in. This was done from an inclined approach, and is not a record for running high jump. In long jumping from the spring-board Howard reached 17ft. 10in., while Bracket and Woods tied at 17ft. 4in.

Norman Taylor's Run.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Providence to say: "I notice in your last edition (No. 5) under the head of 'Athletic Notes,' a statement in regard to Norman Taylor running 30 miles in 2h. 3m. 6s., that 'If this record be properly attested, it leaves Mr. Taylor the best twenty-mile man in the world.' I find by the *Clipper Almanac*, 1878, and the *Sunday Herald* a few weeks past, the following record: Geo. Hazel, 196 miles out of 200 in 13m. 40s.

the ponds and now comes a good snapping north-weather that freezes up everything in a hurry.

ALTHOUGH Miss May Marshall beat Dan Carroll, of Warren, Pa., in the 100-mile walk, it seems that the judges of the course, at Jamestown, N. Y., have given the match to Carroll, on a claim of collision though the man did not even make a hundred miles. A second trial has been ordered, using two tracks.

DEC. 14th, at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, Boston, E. W. Frisbie, a deaf mute, walked 10 miles with the following score: One mile, 5m. 2s. 1-2s.; two miles, 16m. 54s.; three miles, 25m. 55s.; four miles, 35m. 8s.; five miles, 44m. 27s.; six miles, 53m. 46-1s.; seven miles, 1h. 2m. 45s.; eight miles, 1h. 11m. 47s.; nine miles, 1h. 20m. 57-1s.; ten miles, 1h. 30m. 4s.

RICHARD PENNELL, formerly a clerk in the Manhattan Gas Company's office, but famous as a heavy dumb-bell, has dropped his legitimate business and taken to athletics for a living. He has gone to England, challenged any man in the world to a trial of strength, and has been picked up by a Manchester man who says he has put up a 215 pound dumb-bell and lifted 1,400 pounds without harness. The end of both men will probably be rupture or heart disease.

THE Brooklyn Athletic Club was fully reorganized Dec. 9th, and has taken all preliminary steps to become incorporated according to the laws of the State. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. Blair; Vice-President, W. DeGraw Baker; Secretary, R. A. Maxwell; Assistant-Secretary, Wm. Armstrong; Treasurer, James Taylor; Lacrosse Captain, Frank H. Logan; Board of Managers, J. W. Baker, H. M. Hudson, J. E. DeLaney, T. R. Slicer, H. P. Smith, W. DeGraw Baker.

The club has adopted blue and gray as their distinctive colors.

THE latest British College performances in athletics were at Cambridge, Nov. 28th. W. W. Bolton won the strangers' 1,000-yard handicap, official time 2m. 19-4s., W. H. K. Ward, 25 yards start, was beaten 4 yards. At same place, Nov. 25th, H. J. L. Evans won the two-mile strangers' handicap in grand style, running through 19 competitors, with starts ranging from 50 yards to 230 yards; his times being 1-3 mile, 2m. 27s.; 2-3 mile, 3m. 7s.; one mile, 4m. 55s.; 1-1/2 mile, 6m. 48s.; 1-2 3/4 miles, 5m. 32s.; two miles, 10m. 7-1s. At Balice College sports, Oxford University, Nov. 30th, W. M. Rowe won the quarter-mile handicap in 52s.

Rod and Gun.

Glass-ball Shooting.

MCLOUGHLIN'S OPERA HOUSE, at No. 36 Newark avenue, Jersey City, Dec. 19th, was the scene of a benefit tendered to Michael Bubser, disabled sportsman. The entertainment consisted of several glass-ball shooting exhibitions by Captain A. H. Bogardus. The first event on the programme was an attempt to break 90 glass-balls out of 100, the captain springing the trap himself and using a twenty-gauge gun, with half an ounce of shot. Out of 100 he missed only one, his ninety-second ball. He next promised to break fifteen out of twenty balls, springing the trap with one hand and shooting with the other. He succeeded in breaking fifteen straight. The third event was an attempt to break forty out of fifty balls, standing with his back to the trap, springing the trap himself, turning and firing while the ball was in the air. He fired at forty-three balls, breaking forty. Bogardus closed his exhibition with breaking 196 balls out of 200 in 13m. 40s.

Dr. Carver's Team.

WE learn from a New Haven item that Dr. Carver and wife, his buffalo-horse Wimmenucka and his two trained elk have lately been there. It was at St. Paul, Minn., that the Doctor received his two elk, which had been raised for him on a Dakota ranch by a friend, who began the training which their present owner has finished. Attached to a carriage, they can draw with all the strength of a pair of horses, and are kind and gentle that Mrs. Carver can drive them without fear or trouble.

This little item reminds us that the American elk, which is specifically the same with the European red deer or stag, is by no means hard to tame, and is moreover a natural trotter when in a wild state. In the Black Hills country, where they were very plentiful before the advent of the gold-miners, these animals have frequently been chased for hours by the best mounted hunters, who have never been able to press an elk close enough to make him break his trot. Elk have been tamed and driven before this, just as stags have in Europe. An eccentric English nobleman, known as the last Earl of Oxford, one of the "fastest" youths of his day, used to drive four stags in a team on the highway, in the memory of some people now alive. One day he and his team came across a pack of hounds, who chased the whole party across country and caused the complete ruin of the earl's hunting.

More than one experiment has been made in Kansas to domesticate the elk, but none that we know of to train him to trot on time. Judging from the natural powers of the wild animal, it would seem that, when trained, he might make a splendid trotter, and it may be that Dr. Carver will be the man to trot stags against horses for the first time.

Rod and Gun Notes.

THE National Rifle Association is still debating the question of selling Creedmoor and turning the Association into a central representative body, like the British N. R. A., in which all State clubs shall have a voice by duly elected delegates. It is probable that it will come to that at last, and in that case the annual meetings of the Association will be held at different places in different years, to accommodate all the States of the Union.

THE Canadian marksmen to compose the Wimbledon team for 1879 have been selected and are as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson of Wellington; Captain Todd of Ottawa; Sergeant J. Mitchell and Lieutenant Adams, of Hamilton; Corporal Gray, of Ottawa; Captain Anderson, Lieutenant Crut, Dr. Aikens and Private Bell, of Toronto; Captain Thomas, of Quebec; J. Palen, of St. John; B. S. Sergeant Bishop, of Halifax; Private Mills, of Toronto; Private Wynne, of Montreal; and Sergeant Bishop, of St. John, N. B. Thirteen are from Ontario, three from Quebec, two from Nova Scotia and two from New Brunswick.

Athletic Notes.

THE track at Gilmore's Garden on the inside circle gives nine laps to the mile nearly. Outside circle gives only eight laps.

ROBERT CAMPBELL, of Brooklyn, and J. W. Goodwin, of New York, are marching to walk seventy-five hours at Stella Hall, No. 413 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, commencing Wednesday evening, Jan. 1st, at eight o'clock, and ending Saturday, Jan. 4th, at midnight.

THE Capitoline Skating Pond, in Brooklyn, and the Central Park Lakes, in New York, will probably be opened by the time this reaches our readers. The last great rain-storm has filled

Yachting and Rowing.

AT a meeting of the freshman class of Harvard College, Boston, Dec. 18th, it was voted that an informal letter be sent to the Yale freshmen to row the freshman crews of the two colleges during the summer.

THE Golden Gate Rowing Club of San Francisco has been organized, and has elected the following officers for 1879: D. Griffin, President; R. Landers, Vice-President and Captain; D. J. Kelley, Recording Secretary; D. J. Griffin, Treasurer. The club is in a flourishing condition, and has among its members some of the Neptune Club.

THE Columbia students, according to the representations of their college paper, *The Spectator*, are advocating a new system of boating.

It is proposed that hereafter there shall be a regular series of races rowed twice a year, autumn and spring. There are to be two prominent races as heretofore, viz., class and department races, both rowed in eight-oared shells. The eight is a rig which is rapidly rising in favor in this country; already it is the recognized one between colleges, and in a few years none of the programmes of the large amateur regattas will be without an eight-oared

